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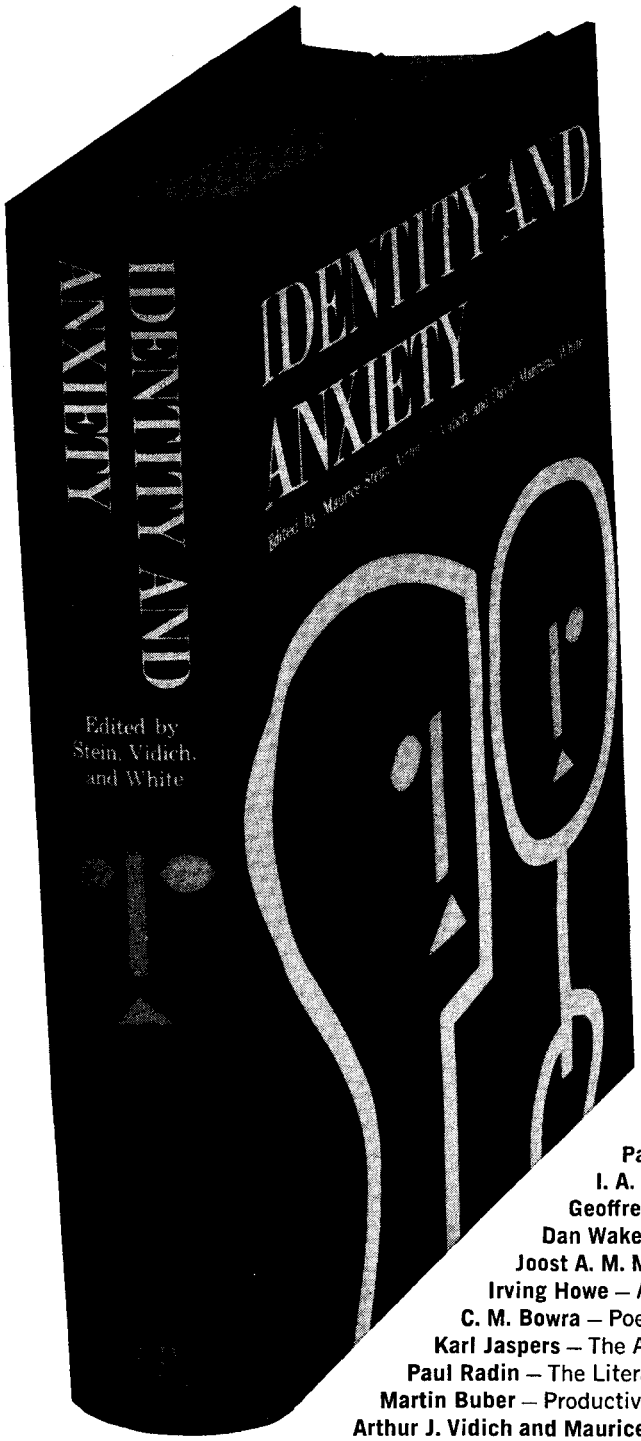

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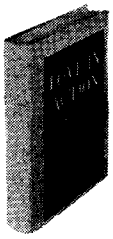

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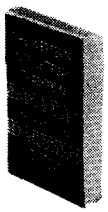

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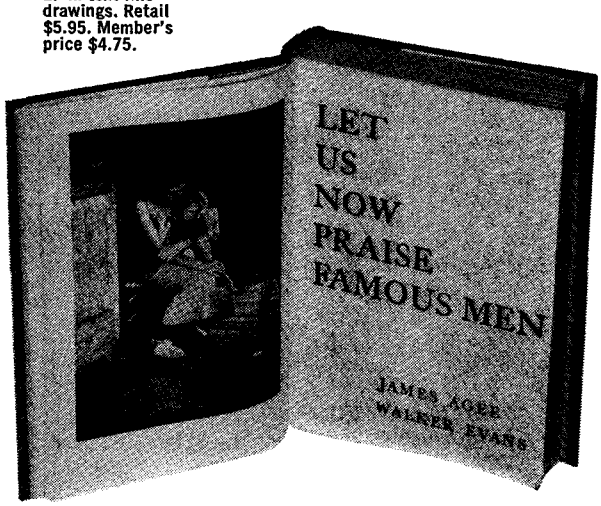

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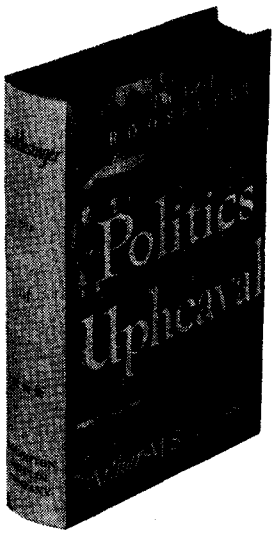

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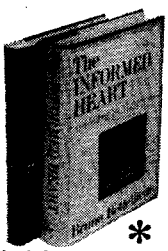

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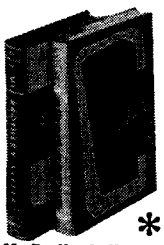

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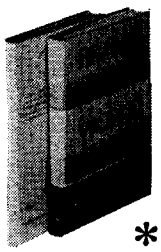

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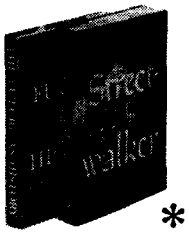

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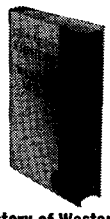

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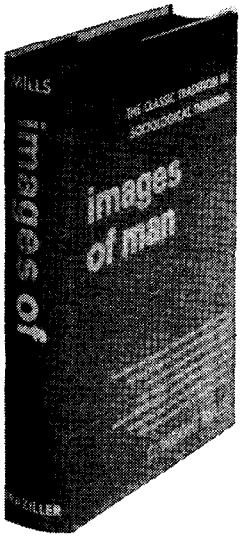

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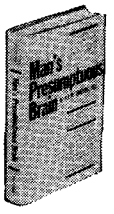

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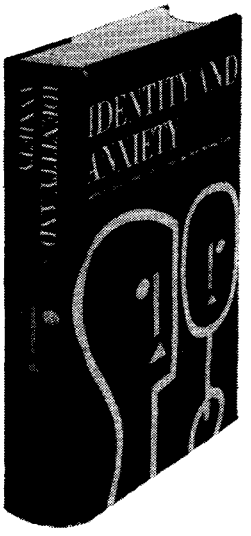

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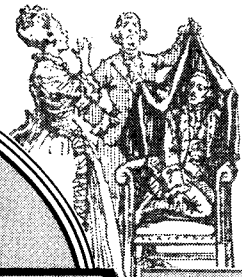

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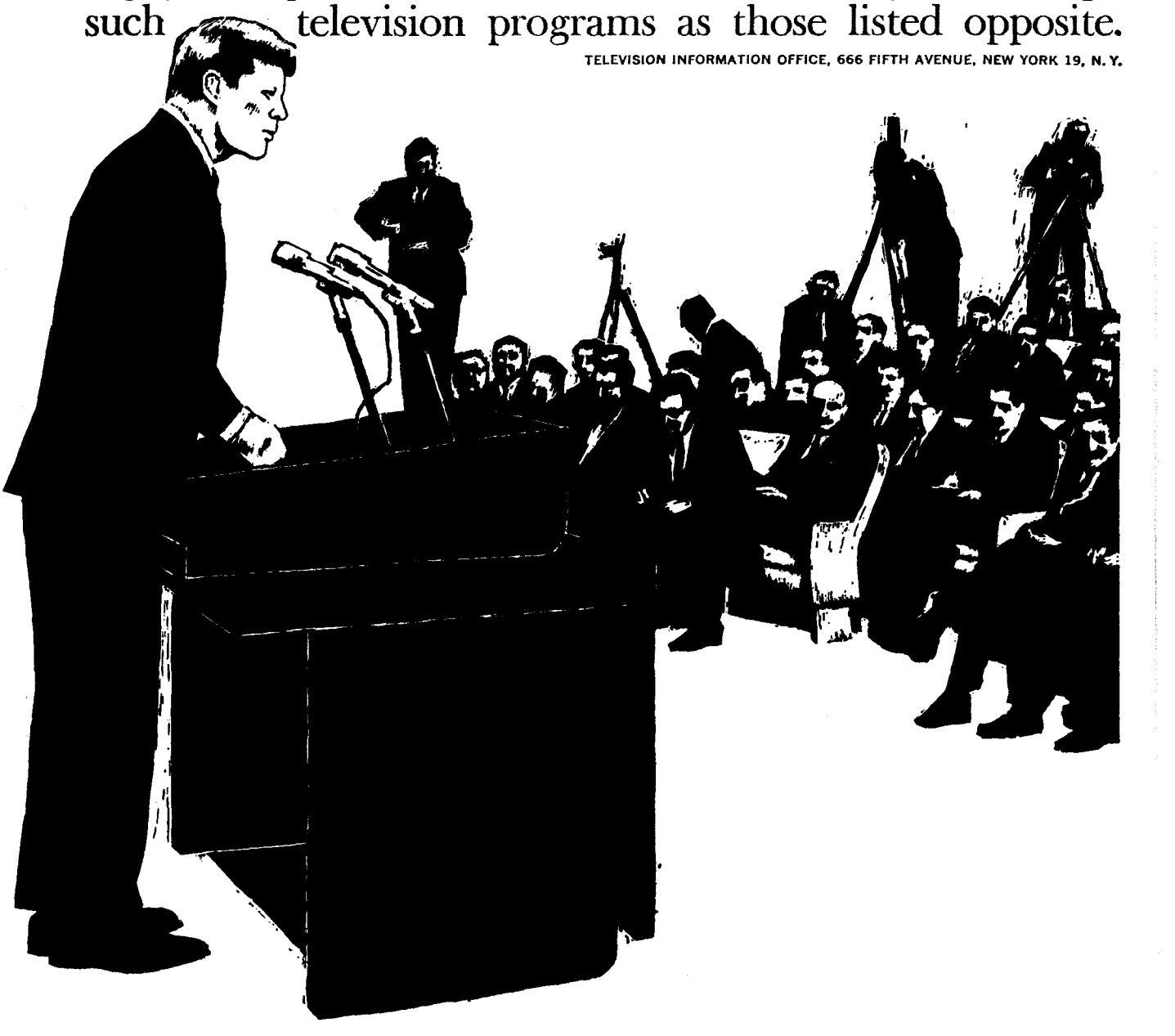

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IT IS DIFFICULT to define the Kennedy administration's foreign-policy lines, considering the multiplicity of the problems it has to face and also the number of people who have been called in to work on it. We like to assume that all these people are as competent as the President and the Secretary of State, but when we think of all the emissaries scurrying around the world, we are inclined to keep our fingers crossed. In his editorial, **Max Ascoli** points to the administration's admirable aim: to cultivate patches of neutrality all over the world—a far cry from the old policies of John Foster Dulles. But he also assumes that the leaders of the administration are too experienced and sophisticated not to be ready to toughen their positions.

Some of the tests ahead in foreign policy are in countries where at present peace seems to be reigning. Spain, for instance. The President, in his address to the representatives of the Latin-American nations, used some Spanish words: *"Progreso, sí! Tiranía, no!"* After all, the people of Spain still speak Spanish, and the President's words must have stirred them deeply. **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean correspondent, recently visited both countries of the Iberian Peninsula, and her next article will be on the not too happy condition of Portugal. . . . Arriving at Hong Kong on March 15 on the first leg of a world tour, Prince Souvanna Phouma denied that the government established in his name in the Xiengkhouang Province of Laos is dominated by the Communist-led Pathet Lao. **Michael Field** found otherwise when he recently accompanied Souvanna Phouma in a Soviet transport plane on a visit to Xiengkhouang. Mr. Field is a correspondent for the London *Daily Telegraph*. . . . Moise Tshombe, the president of Katanga, appears to have won a notable victory at the meeting of Congolese leaders in Tananarive, which adopted his long-held view that the Congo must abandon any idea of a strong central government in favor of some form of confederation. As **Richard Cox,** Kenyan correspondent for London's *Sunday Times,* points out, Tshombe is one of the first African leaders to propose realignment of the old arbitrary frontiers laid down in Africa by the colonial powers.

IN THIS ISSUE we publish the first of two articles on steel, an industry upon which our entire economy depends heavily. **Richard M. Ralston,** who has long been closely associated with this field, analyzes the ever-increasing problems that divide the giant steel producers and the giant Steelworkers Union. Today the growth of automation and the challenge of foreign steel producers make it essential that some more viable relationship be worked out between the two. Mr. Ralston suggests some methods of approach and points out that a start must be made now if we are to avoid a fresh crisis in 1962 when the present steel contract runs out.

Back in 1958 an army "caretaker government" took over power in Burma. During its eighteen-month rule it proved generally efficient in cleaning up much of the political and economic muddle that had beset the country since it won independence a decade earlier. Now the government has been returned to the hands of Premier U Nu. **Stanley Karnow,** an American correspondent in Hong Kong, discusses the difficulties that face the premier in his second attempt to rule the country by democratic means.

Governmental efforts to persuade industries and communities to do something about the pollution of our waterways by industrial wastes and sewage have thus far met with limited success. President Kennedy has described the problem as reaching "alarming proportions." **William L. Rivers** is a member of our staff.

Hortense Calisher's new book, *False Entry,* will be published by Little, Brown next fall. . . . **Michael Roemer** has just returned from Europe, where he was working as assistant producer on a new American film. . . . Not for a long time has a singer arrived in America with such ecstatic advance notices as Joan Sutherland. **Roland Gelatt,** editor of *High Fidelity,* discusses her work in terms of her records and a New York concert performance and says that while her gifts are exceptional she still can learn. . . . **Nat Hentoff,** whose latest book, *The Jazz Life,* will soon be published by Dial, discusses the improvisatory theater of a new off-Broadway group of players. . . . **Alfred Kazin** reviews the reviews of Kenneth Tynan, drama critic extraordinary. . . . **Martin Greenberg** is the editor and translator of Heinrich von Kleist's *The Marquise of O—and Other Stories* (Criterion).

Our cover is by **E. R. Twery.**

In April . . . Some Television Programs of Special Interest

(Times indicated are current N. Y. Time)

"Not in Vain"
Lincoln's wartime decisions leading to Gettysburg. Raymond Massey stars.
Saturday, April 1 (9:30-10 PM)

"ABC News Specials"
Eichmann pre-trial reports.
Sunday, April 2, 9 (3:30-4 PM)

"The Red Balloon"
Story of a boy and his balloon in Paris.
Sunday, April 2 (9-9:30 PM)

"Invisible World of the Deep"
Russian films of oceanic life.
Tuesday, April 4 (7-7:30 PM)

"Young People's Concert"
Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic in this season's finale.
Sunday, April 9 (3-4 PM)

"Battle for Survival"
Animal, insect, and plant life seen through time-lapse photography.
Sunday, April 9 (6:30-7:30 PM)

"Engineer of Death: The Eichmann Story"
Dramatization of the life and capture of Adolf Eichmann.
Wednesday, April 12 (10-11 PM)

"Change of Life"
Recent medical advances aid women's adjustment to the "middle years."
Thursday, April 13 (4-5 PM)

"Omnibus"
An appraisal of the Monroe Doctrine's effects on South America today.
Sunday, April 16 (5-6 PM)

"NBC White Paper"
A probing examination of hospitals and medicine today. Chet Huntley narrates.
Sunday, April 16 (10-11 PM)

"D-Day"
World War II: Invasion of Normandy.
Sunday, April 16 (10:30-11 PM)

"Gentleman's Decision"
General Lee's surrender at Appomattox.
Saturday, April 22 (9:30-10 PM)

"Jane Eyre"
Charlotte Brontë's novel dramatized.
Thursday, April 27 (9-10 PM)

"Alert! Defense in the Missile Age"
Latest U.S. developments in guarding against a missile attack.
Sunday, April 30 (6:30-7 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Sundays: Meet the Professor
Washington Conversation
Accent
Issues and Answers
Roundup USA
Ask Washington
Meet the Press
The Twentieth Century
Winston Churchill: The Valiant Years
Tuesdays: Expedition!
Thursdays: CBS Reports/Face the Nation
Fridays: Eyewitness to History
Saturdays: The Nation's Future
Mon.-Fri.: Continental Classroom

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Consult local listings for times and programming details.*

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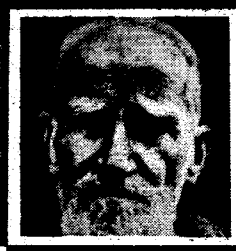

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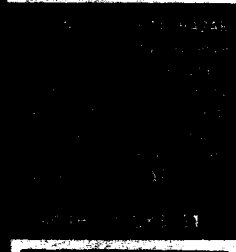

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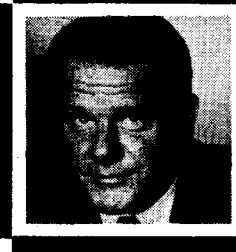

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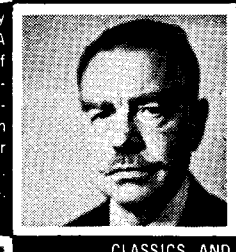

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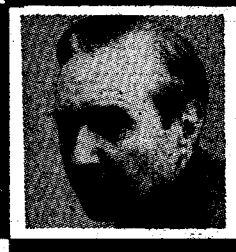

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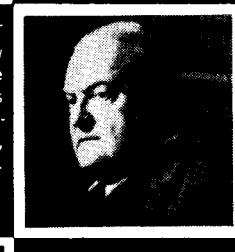

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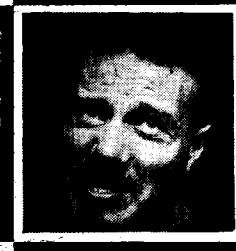

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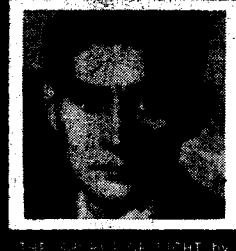

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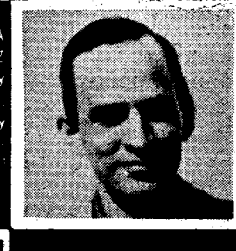

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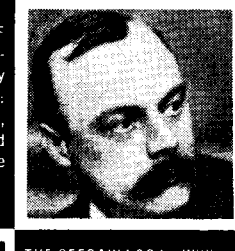

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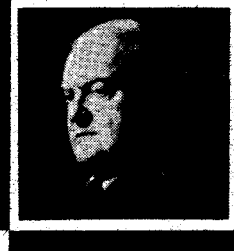

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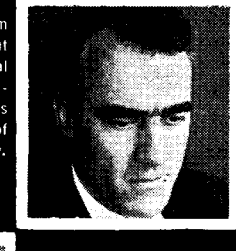

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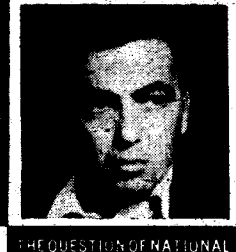

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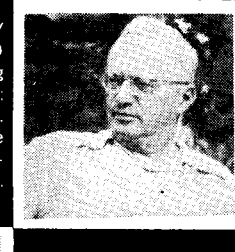

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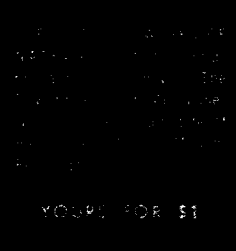

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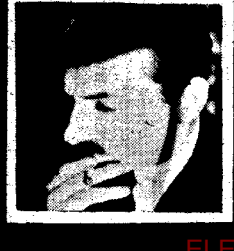

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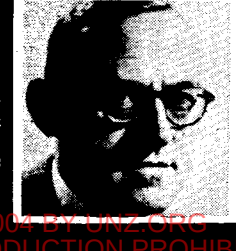

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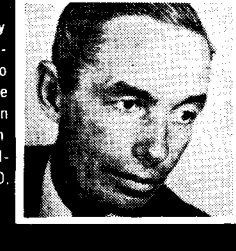

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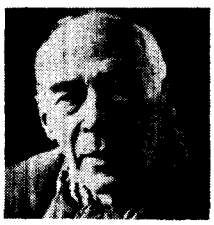

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE DEPRESSED AREAS

To the Editor: Sar A. Levitan's excellent article "Poverty in America: What Will Congress Do?" (*The Reporter,* March 2) also points up the vital need for further improvements in our unemployment insurance, public assistance, and social security programs. President Kennedy has proposed specific recommendations in these three areas. They should be given prompt consideration.

WILBUR J. COHEN
Assistant Secretary-designate
Department of Health, Education and Welfare
Washington

To the Editor: In dealing with criticism of the Douglas bill as providing too little, Mr. Levitan accepts the senator's quip: "A thousand-mile journey begins with a single step." Admittedly, first steps are important. It does seem to us, however, that the author and *The Reporter* should have explored how great the journey is and how much of a step toward eliminating depressed areas the Douglas bill actually proposes to take.

Thus, it might be explained that the $90 million in loans to be made available in the first year would have to be distributed rather thinly, since (as the article states) "More than a tenth of the American people live in chronic labor-surplus areas." If it were assumed that the entire $90 million would be used to provide long-term capital loans, and that this would be matched by a like sum from other sources, and that such funds would be concentrated in enterprises requiring low capital investment (say $5,000 per employee), only 36,000 new jobs would be created.

It must also be remembered that the Douglas bill does not directly attack technological displacement of workers; yet this is the major unemployment-employment problem which faces our nation today and in the years immediately ahead. Instead, the Douglas bill confines itself to attempts to provide substitute employment in depressed areas.

We cannot emphasize too strongly, however, that the passage of the Douglas bill is highly desirable and is a step in the right direction which we wholeheartedly support.

OTIS BRUBAKER, Director
Research Department
United Steelworkers of America
Pittsburgh

To the Editor: Sar Levitan's article is a very fine job. His reporting is accurate to the letter. His analysis of what has happened to the bill in the past and its probable future is, in my judgment, right on the nose.

WILLIAM PROXMIRE
U.S. Senate
Washington

EZRA POUND

To the Editor: In the preamble to his discussion of Ezra Pound's poetry ("Pound Reweighed," *The Reporter,* March 2), my good friend Malcolm Cowley concedes far too much in the area of politics and ethics. He says Pound has earned the right to hold his theories. One of these theories is that the Jews should be destroyed. How does a man earn the right to hold *that* theory? By the way, I believe that the literature now purporting to present Pound's theories is incomplete, if not downright disingenuous. When doing research in the Biblioteca Nazionale in Rome, I ran into vile newspaper articles by Pound which have not been cited, so far as I know, by the Pound scholars. I took down a note on one in the *Meridiano di Roma,* published after the extermination campaign was launched against the Jewish race during the war. The title, printed as a headline, was L'EBREO: MALATTIA INCARNATA—"The Jew: Disease Incarnate." Considering that many Italian Fascists did not go along with anti-Semitism—it is even doubtful, I am told, if Mussolini was anti-Semitic—this aspect of the Pound case is especially significant. On the day of judgment, which would be the more important question: have you written some good poems? or, did you aid and abet Eichmann?

ERIC BENTLEY
Harvard University

To the Editor: Since Malcolm Cowley has cited Ezra Pound's mention of me in the *Cantos* as an awful example of obscurity, may I leap to Pound's defense? An epic is "the tale of the tribe," gathering information about past events that a society considers important to itself. Mr. Pound's epic set out to be just this. As it continued over forty years, it gradually became more personal. The reason for the change, I suggest, is a general decline of social feeling and awareness of tradition; Mr. Pound has been increasingly obliged to construct his epic from inside himself. The fault is society's, not his.

Why can no one write a decent poem about the United Nations? Is the fault with the poets or the society?

MICHAEL RECK
New York

SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS

To the Editor: Maya Pines, who writes of New York City's Public Education Association School Volunteer program in your March 16 issue ("A Little Extra Push"), is guilty of understatement. The P.E.A. program makes it possible for dedicated teachers to do the things they dreamed of doing in college methods classes and found they could not always do when faced with thirty-three youngsters. A good teacher is not always gifted in art and in music. In these two areas the services of the P.E.A. are particularly helpful.

Congratulations to *The Reporter* for giving space to the P.E.A. program. Perhaps other New Yorkers will lend their free time to the city's school where "a little extra push" is so sorely needed and so deeply appreciated by faculty and children.

MARTHA FROELICH, Principal
P.S. 129, Manhattan

To the Editor: I work with a group of young wives *with children* who are giving part of their precious free time to what we all consider an important volunteer job.

One thing which has impressed me is the enthusiasm of the volunteers in the program, and I think Maya Pines has shown why this is so; there is nothing more thrilling than the awakening of young minds. Also, I believe much of the success of the program has been due to the director, Miss T. Margaret Jamer. She has organized and administered the program beautifully, but more important, she has infected volunteers, almost universally, with her spirit of excitement.

MRS. WILLIAM G. TURINO, JR.
New York

STRANGERS AND BROTHERS

To the Editor: In her article "The Twenty Strangers of Latin America" (*The Reporter,* March 2) Gladys Delmas has pointed out a truth often obscured by the seeming unity of the region. Contact among the peoples of the American republics *is* scant. There is a facet of unity which must not be forgotten, however, and that is the close intellectual contact among writers and thinkers of the various countries. Writers in Mexico, for example, are familiar with the latest works published in Buenos Aires. In such large cosmopolitan cities one finds that the books brought out are by writers in all of Spanish America, particularly from those nations too small to support a going publishing industry. Thus we find a tremendous unity among writers: most literary schools transcend national boundaries, even including Spain itself.

The tragic factor in this effective unity is that a knowledge of those who form it does not extend beyond the boundaries of the Spanish-speaking world. It is almost as if there were some sort of cultural Iron Curtain between this world and other countries, particularly the United States. Our businessmen envoys come in contact only with their southern counterparts, who are often so Americanized as to be beyond the pale of their own culture. In this way the idea givers of a country are so far removed from United States representatives that the upsurge of new movements and doctrines seems to come from nowhere (Russia is the easiest explanation for the ignorant).

GREGORY RABASSA
Assistant Professor of Spanish
Columbia University

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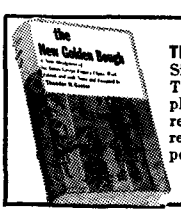

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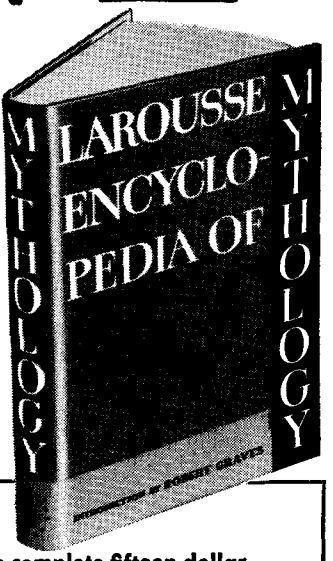

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Public Schools Come First

The strange bedfellows that politics makes have already begun to pair off now that the administration's aid-to-education bill has reached Capitol Hill. Spokesmen for an organization called Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State, who were noisily dismayed at the prospect of a Catholic in the White House a few months ago, are heartily proclaiming their devotion to Mr. Kennedy. Meanwhile the Catholic hierarchy finds itself in uneasy alliance with Southern segregationists, who have their own reasons for espousing private schools.

Despite the surprise Mr. Kennedy expressed at a recent news conference it is not difficult to see why the bishops are speaking out more forcefully this year than they have in the past. Federal aid to education has become very much more than a gleam in the eye. It will be, in fact, a major test of the new administration's domestic program. But the test certainly cannot be won if the bill is whipsawed by the clarification claims of special groups.

In the face of various efforts to amend or "expand" his proposals, Mr. Kennedy has been resolute in accepting the Supreme Court's interpretation of what is meant by separation of church and state. His proposal is quite plain: Congress should first and foremost provide the badly needed assistance to public schools, which have first claim on the government. After that, reasonable men can work out reasonable ways to deal with private and parochial education. He has been emphatic, however, in expressing his belief that "across the board" aid to church schools would be unconstitutional.

Despite his present firmness, it should be pointed out that there is still room left for future conciliation on this complex question. It might, for example, be possible to provide a limited tax deduction for parents of any religious faith who wish to send their children to private schools. Surely that would not corrupt the Constitution any more than the tax deduction now allowed those who make charitable donations to churches. Yet it should also be pointed out that what is sauce for the Catholic is sauce for the segregationist. In helping relieve the burden of those who pay taxes for public schools even though they send their children to parochial schools, we must be careful not to offer a financial reward to those who boycott public schools in order to destroy them.

Mr. Walter's Monument

There is no doubt that Representative James Roosevelt (D., California) was partly responsible for his own overwhelming defeat in his fight against authorizing expenditures of $331,000 for the Un-American Activities Committee. The House voted 412-6 to give the committee's chairman, Representative Francis E. Walter (D., Pennsylvania) everything he wanted. After arguing for two years that the Un-American Activities Committee should be abolished, Roosevelt abruptly abandoned his plans for making a floor fight on that question when his chance came at the start of the Eighty-seventh Congress. Some legislators who share Roosevelt's distaste for the committee say they were ready at that time to support a move to turn its functions over to the House Judiciary Committee. They also say they would have supported Roosevelt in the recent fight if he had proposed simply to reduce the committee's budget rather than to throw it out altogether. After the House had reconstituted the committee in January, it couldn't very well then turn around and vote to deny it any money at all in March.

Of course, Roosevelt's defeat was not entirely of his own making. Chairman Walter is a master of the art of legislative public relations. As Mr. Roosevelt has suggested, "A very large portion of the Committee's work and expenditures is devoted to justifying its existence." The committee habitually unearths imminent disasters when its methods are questioned. Nearly eight hundred prints of *Operation Abolition*, the committee's film story of the San Francisco student demonstrations, are now in circulation. A number of people have criticized the film, but the controversy has served to rally support for the committee, and the film has become so well known that some high-school students in Indiana put on *Operation Abolition* skits between halves at basketball games.

Some House members think Congressman Walter's announcement that he plans to retire after this Congress was a mere contrivance to influence the vote in his favor. The Senate seems to take it more seriously, however. A bill has been introduced to name the dam over Pennsylvania's Bear Creek the Francis Walter Dam, and the Senate Public Works Committee has long honored an unwritten rule that no one gets his name on a dam until he is retired or deceased.

A Story for Ham

Last July, John Thomas Scopes returned to Dayton, Tennessee, for the first time since he was found guilty in 1925 of teaching Darwinian evolution in Tennessee's public schools. At an anniversary celebration of the world-famous Monkey Trial, Scopes was given a ceremonial key offering "The Freedom of the City of Dayton. Scopes studied the token a moment, then asked, "I wonder, does this mean what it says?" His point, of course, was that the awkward law under which he was tried was still on the books thirty-five years after the trial, a century after Darwin.

This winter, the Tennessee Acad-

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American Gothic by Grant Wood, courtesy of the Art Institute of Chicago

Who changed the picture of the farmer's wife?

The farmer's wife did it herself. Look at the farmer's wife of not so long ago in Grant Wood's famous painting, American Gothic. Now look at the lady standing next to her. Quite a contrast, isn't there? Yet she, too, is a farmer's wife. She is Mrs. Luke Oberwise, Jr. of Harvard, Illinois. And it is she, and 7,000,000 other American farm women who have changed the picture of themselves by changing the life around them.

The standard of living for the average farm wife has risen 85% since 1940. She is no longer chained to the chunk stove—and her hands show it. She is no longer isolated from people and ideas. Her face reflects new interest in the life around her—and around the world. She now finds time to channel her energy into new and better ways to help her family.

Some of these ways are big and important. Concern for her community has drawn 4,000,000 farm wives into farm betterment organizations. Her desire for education has helped increase college enrollment for farm youngsters over 100% in the past twenty years. Her increased interest in art, music and drama has multiplied America's rural cultural activities.

Like your own wife, the farmer's wife also looks for small ways to bring better living to her family. For example, many farm wives have discovered a new way to be thrifty. They have joined the millions of women—shopping for half the families in our cities and on our farms—who save S&H Green Stamps.

The many good things they bring home with their S&H Green Stamps are happy reminders that being thrifty will never be old-fashioned.

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emy of Science sought to have the state legislature repeal the monkey law. But the repeal bill was sent to committee for quiet interment. There was no telling what embarrassing things might be said in open hearing. Besides, it was said, teachers had been ignoring the law for years.

The result was victory for the fundamentalist churches, whose influence in Tennessee politics is just about as formidable as it was thirty-five years ago. Protestant fundamentalism has kept all but seven of the state's ninety-five counties dry, and last November, it handed Catholic John Kennedy the worst defeat a Democratic Presidential nominee has suffered in Tennessee in a century. Mrs. Betty Coulter Davis, a friendly, soft-faced grandmother who attended the Scopes trial and now represents Dayton in the legislature, spoke for many fundamentalists when she asserted that her opposition to evolution "doesn't need clarification or justification." She doesn't feel that by-passing questions about man's origin and development would interfere with scientific progress. "After all," Mrs. Davis told a reporter, "evolution doesn't need to be taught for people to get to the moon." Indeed, a chimpanzee named Ham who had just taken his first rocket flight a few days before Mrs. Davis made her comment had presumably never heard of Darwin. His flight does, however, make a problem of precedence an issue once more.

A Little Touch of JFK

"In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility—I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation."—*President Kennedy in his Inaugural Address.*

"I would not lose so great an honor/As one man more methinks would share from me/ . . . He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,/Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is nam'd/ . . . .Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,/And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day' . . . We few, we happy few . . ." *King Henry in "Henry V."*

We continue to hear echoes of Shakespeare in our new President's formal addresses. The imagery ("The trumpet summons us again"), the prevalence of the royal "we" ("This much we pledge and more"), the constructions ("Let the word go forth from this time and place . . . Let every nation know"), the formal dispensations ("To those old allies . . . To those new states . . . To those peoples . . .") have all, since his election, contributed to our impression of John Kennedy as a Shakespearean king who settles, punishes, forgives, and restores order somewhere in the fifth act.

If we have been reminded of Shakespeare in general, we have also been put in mind of Prince Hal in particular. There was the young prince, before the Los Angeles convention, caught and rebuked by Harry Truman for prematurely fancying himself in the White House: "Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair/That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours/Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!/Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee." There is Prince Hal, after the nomination, challenging the enemy king and his son the Dauphin: "resign Your crown and kingdom . . . . [to] the native and true challenger," followed by King Eisenhower's somewhat characteristic reply: "For us, we will consider of this further. Tomorrow/Shall you bear our full intent." The Dauphin, as we all remember, was contemptuous of his opponent in the beginning of the campaign, dismissing him as a "vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth" though he had been warned that Prince Hal was in fact "well supplied with noble counsellors . . . terrible in constant resolution."

After Prince Hal's early victory at Harfleur, the French sent a messenger to tell him not to be complacent, since his campaign, in their opinion, had peaked too early. The final hotly contested battle and the close victory are history. So, for that matter, is Hal's reconciliation with the king in a series of palace kaffe klatches attended by his French-speaking wife.

If anything is clear from all this, it is that national poll takers might do well to spend less time in the field and more time with the Bard in future campaigns. And although we do not wish to hazard any predictions, Prince Hal's uncharitable rejection of Falstaff and the rest of his former cronies ("reform yourselves") might well be reviewed with alarm by the Rat Pack.

Newsworthy

"As an example of 'successful Communist exploitation of youth,' Mrs. White in her speech [to the Daughters of the American Revolution] cited a New York high school senior's refusal, last year, to accept an American Legion Citizenship award. Questioned as to whether this necessarily indicated Communist influence, Mrs. White replied: 'He must have had some left-wing influence. No boy is going to refuse a cash award unless there is something behind it." —*The San Francisco Chronicle.*

MESSAGE

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That fell from a piece of sky,
But it says, as sure as your income tax:
Here too live I.

It's only a hydrocarbon trace
As thin as an apple skin,
As loud as a voice from outer space:
We are, have been.

—SEC

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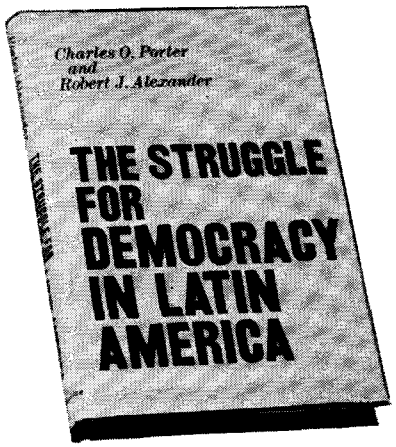
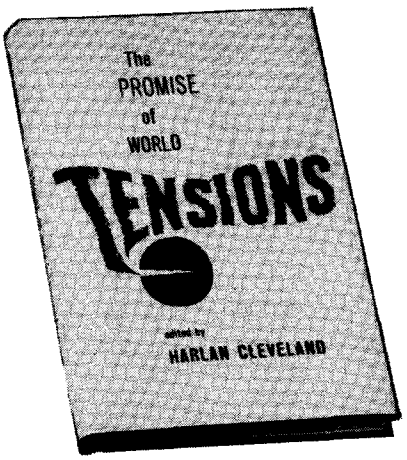
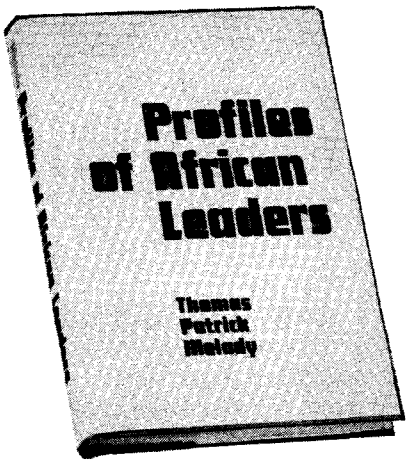


This "lucid, authoritative analysis" (*Library Journal*) provides a clear understanding and an honest appraisal of the struggle that is so crucial to the cause of democracy in the Western Hemisphere. Former Congressman Porter of Oregon and Professor Alexander of Rutgers University show how United States policy toward Latin America has been questionable and clumsy, and they offer a concrete program for democratic reform which would better serve the interests of both areas. $4.50



Some of the world's most outstanding statesmen and educators (Adlai Stevenson, Ralph Bunche, Lester Pearson, Harry Ashmore, and others) discuss practical steps for promoting world law, economic growth, and freer communications. Papers they prepared for the 1960 Conference of the Council on World Tensions have been selected by the Assistant Secretary of State for International Affairs who has contributed "an illuminating preface and an epilogue." — *Saturday Review* $3.50



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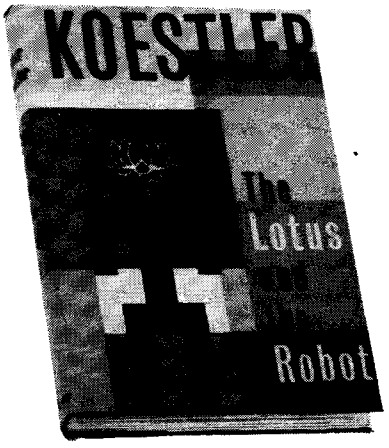

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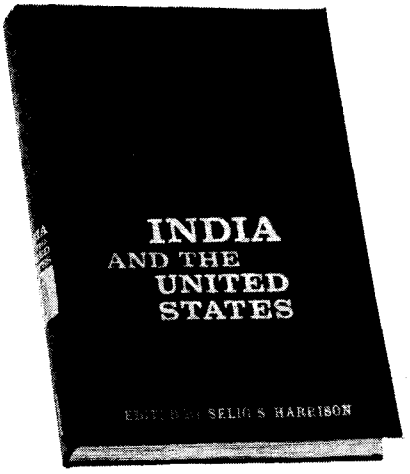

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The Coming Test

It is as if all the riddles that have been plaguing our nation had been marshaled to advance upon Washington, upon one place in Washington, upon one man. That one man is asked to solve them all, and quickly, as if he were omnipotent and omniscient. He himself knows that he is neither, but he is resolute and unafraid.

The continuity of the nation's existence seems to be guaranteed through a rebirth whenever a new Chief Executive comes to power. This time the deliberate will of the enemy also plays a role and forces the new President to make the most difficult and momentous choices about the fate of remote and unfamiliar lands.

Inevitably, at first, the new administration is bound to rely on already worn-out or improvised formulas. Take the case of Laos. There our new leaders have been trying to apply and make workable a formula of "neutrality." But the neutrality of the Laotians has nothing to do with that of the Swiss or of the Swedes. Indeed, the Laotians themselves have little to do with their own neutrality, much as they would love to have the outside world not bother them. A weak neutrality, weakly guaranteed by weak neighbors, can be no more than a tenuous screen for Communist conquest. If anything even remotely approaching neutrality or noninvolvement is to be attained in that little kingdom, it will depend entirely on the military measures that we and our two major allies are willing to take to counteract the Communists. Bluntly, Laotian neutrality is our business.

As for Africa, the present administration, like its predecessor, has been trying to "keep the cold war out of the Congo." Our aim has been to guarantee the neutrality of that country through the U.N. But like love or like war, this is a game that to make any sense must be played by two. The other side has not much use for such restraints.

Africa has offered the Communists the most abundant opportunities for mischief, and they have neglected none of them. In African nationalism, they found a wild force equal in its potential for destructiveness to the force they themselves assiduously and relentlessly cultivate. Some of the self-made or self-enthroned new African potentates have shown themselves to be resourceful profiteers of the East-West conflict. Men like President Nkrumah of Ghana have been ever willing to render services to Moscow while holding high the banner "Africa for the Africans." This little Dr. Nkrumah is really a wonder. With the inscription on the pedestal of the statue he erected to himself in Accra, he gently proposes himself as the liberator of Africa: "To me the independence of Ghana is meaningless unless it is linked up with total liberation of the African continent." He eloquently advocates anti-imperialism while incessantly seeking to expand his own empire.

Yet President Kennedy, the day after Nkrumah delivered a most impudent speech at the U.N., saw fit to offer him a royal welcome at the White House. No doubt he will have to be equally deferential to quite a number of Nkrumah's sort. His aim could not be clearer or more honest: he wants to "insulate" Africa from the East-West conflict. The only point we raise is, will it work? Will his purpose be served by contributing to increase the prestige of such witch doctors of racialism and nationalism as Nkrumah?

A few days afterward, also in the White House, the President made a noble speech to the representatives of the Latin-American nations. If the program he outlined had been in operation only a few years ago, our relations with our rather distant and distrustful neighbors might possibly be different. As it is, some of the leaders of the most important Latin-American nations may have heard about the deferential and preferential treatment we extend to not overfriendly Asian or African heads of state like Nkrumah, Sukarno, and Nasser. Some Latin-American rulers are greatly tempted to be good neighbors to both worlds. Some of them may think: if Nkrumah can make it, what's wrong with me?

There is a tentative yet consistent quality in the formula the administration seems still to be following. It seeks to insulate various parts of the world from the conflict between the two great powers. We seek ways of insulating a country not only from the Russians but also from ourselves. The greatest capitalistic nation is running its foreign affairs without any profit motive.

The prospect is that these schemes for exporting and guaranteeing neutrality will have to be thoroughly re-examined by the allied governments. Probably the President has to go through all these experiments before the enemy's unwillingness to give even a modest measure of cooperation becomes so impudent as to force him to take a stand. The test may even come about in so unlikely a place as Laos. When it comes, the nation will not be caught unprepared, for it was the President himself who said: "The tide is unfavorable. The news will be worse before it is better."

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Spain Without Franco: Will We Be Ready?

CLAIRE STERLING

MADRID

FROM THE TIME the United States signed the agreements on Spanish bases in 1953, the Iberian Peninsula has interested Washington primarily as a strategic land mass in the western Mediterranean. Neither the State Department nor the Pentagon has paid much attention to the peninsula's odd political configuration, and nothing much has happened to make them do so. Spain and Portugal are run by dictators, the most durable in Europe: Salazar has been in power for thirty-five years, Franco for twenty-two. Our diplomatic and military relations with both have been excellent.

The very excellence of these relations, however, is becoming more and more a liability. Having been on such very good terms with Franco and Salazar for so long, we are by now on very poor terms with the growing number of people, however disparate in views, who oppose them. Since neither man is immortal, the day is coming when someone will have to replace them; and since neither man has made the slightest effort to prepare for an orderly succession, the prospects for a *dis*orderly succession are improving yearly, while our own chances to exert a saving influence steadily dwindle. Clearly, something more is needed in the way of American diplomacy than a serene trust in the longevity of these dictators—or in their continuing ability to withstand the pressures accumulating in the twilight of their reigns.

No one can say which reign is likely to end first, and it does not really matter. The fate of these countries has been formally joined since 1939, when Franco and Salazar signed a treaty of friendship and nonaggression. The Iberian Pact, as it is called, was not a conventional treaty between two nations. It was a personal commitment between two men for their mutual defense—the explicit recognition by both that neither could survive the other's fall.

For upward of twenty years, nearly everybody here expected the first signs of a break to come from Spain —particularly the Portuguese, who found it hard to believe that anyone else's ruler could be as impregnable as theirs. Today, the situation is reversed. Since the recent kidnapping of the *Santa Maria* on the high seas and the simultaneous outbreak of rioting in Angola, the Spanish underground is now looking hopefully toward Portugal. One might gather from this that the Spanish underground itself is not feeling overly confident these days, and one would be right. Curiously, Franco does not seem overly confident either.

Trouble with the Church

There is no question that the traditional resistance forces in Spain have lost much of their buoyancy of the big worker and student strikes of 1956-1957. One of the first people I looked up in Barcelona on this visit was a Socialist student I had met three years ago and who had been a leading spirit in these strikes. He has spent much of his time since then in prison—brought there, incidentally, by a tip to the police from a Communist fellow student—and I found him noticeably changed. The people he had been working with have nearly all been picked off systematically, imprisoned, tortured, released (when and if they were released) only to be trailed and trapped again. The inexorable efficiency of the Guardia Civil has frightened many and wearied others. "We missed our big chance in 1957," he said, "and now we're just burning ourselves out."

Meanwhile, he added, the Communists, who have been isolated in Spain since the civil war, have been saving their strength. They have worked quietly in the universities and among intellectuals, making important gains. But they have made no reckless gestures, and whatever necks they have stuck out have not been those of their highest brass. "The prisons are full of top Socialists, top Social Democrats, top Catholic Actionists," the student observed, "but there isn't a top Communist among them. While we have been thinking of victory in three, four, or five years, they have been thinking in terms of ten or twenty—by which

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time, if things go on as they are, the country will simply fall into their laps."

I heard much the same story from the secretary of Barcelona's Socialist Party, who has also been in jail off and on. "Naturally, we keep trying," he said, "but we know now that the workers and students of Catalonia and the Basque country, who have been the heart and soul of the resistance all these years, will never get anywhere on their own. We are nothing more than a police action for Franco. The break must come from within the régime itself."

This is apparently just what worries Franco. The eternal opposition of the Basques and Catalans is as natural a phenomenon in Spain as the drought: they represent the most advanced industrial sector of a backward country; they are irreconcilable separatists who have been resisting all centralized government for centuries; and their periodic assaults on the régime over the past two decades have never more than slightly jarred its political framework. What is changing in Spain is the state of that framework. The Falange, which began years ago to accuse Franco of betraying the aims of his revolution, has long since become less of a support than a nuisance to him. He has been left with the extremely rich, the army, and the Catholic Church; and now the Church too seems to be slipping.

THE CHURCH has been in national union with Franco since he led his crusade against the lay Republic; the union was solemnly formalized when he signed a concordat with the Vatican in 1953. Under its terms, the Spanish state gives subsidies to the Church, pays its priests, and adapts its entire educational curriculum to Catholic morality and dogma. Nevertheless, the union of throne and altar in Spain has been historically more advantageous to the throne and it still is.

The concordat notwithstanding, Catholics are denied many privileges in Spain that they have in any democratic country: the freedom of their lay organizations to meet and act at will, of their press to print what it chooses, of their priests to preach as they please. These restrictions, always irksome to the Catholic hierarchy, have become all the more so as it has tried to draw closer lately to the alienated Catholic masses—which it certainly needs to do.

Since the Church is synonymous with Franco in the eyes of many or most Spaniards, disaffection among Catholics is an old story here. But it has become a more meaningful one since 1956, when the perennially ailing Spanish economy began to deteriorate swiftly. Between 1956 and 1959, the country went through a period of punishing inflation; and from then till now, it has tried out a stabilization plan that has brought equally punishing deflation. With credits frozen and production contracting, the Spanish workers, whose real wages had already been cut in half by the old inflationary cycle, are now working half time or not at all. They haven't gone out on strike in this crisis, as they did in 1956 and 1957. But the rate of political arrests, which went up steeply in 1960, indicates their prevailing state of mind; and the fact that several prominent

Catholic leaders were among those arrested—one of them being the president of the Workers' Brotherhoods of Catholic Action (HOAC)—is a good indication of the state of mind prevailing among Catholics in particular.

The HOAC, though by now among Franco's most outspoken critics, is not the only example of its kind in Catholic circles. The Catholic Workers' Youth (JOC) has been pushed around just as much by the police, for the same reasons; and hardly a month goes by nowadays without some strong protest by distinguished Catholic intellectuals against censorship or police torture, some defense of a political prisoner by an eminent Catholic jurist, some subtle dissection of the régime in a learned Dominican journal. The protests from within ecclesiastical ranks are not always so subtle, either: the collective letter sent to four northern bishops last May by 339 priests—eighty per cent of the Basque clergy—was one of the most detailed and merciless indictments of Franco's régime ever to have been issued from a Catholic source. The letter drew a stern rebuke from the Papal Nuncio, who denounced its authors as "soldiers guilty of treason."

Treason aside, it is a fact that eight out of ten Catholics in Barcelona, and nine out of ten in its suburbs, no longer go to Mass. The same being true of seven out of eight Catholics in Madrid, the falling away among the faithful would appear to be a national trend; and this consideration, in turn, has led some very high prelates indeed to express rather strong views on Franco in the past year. These prelates include the metropolitans of Spain (four cardinals and eight archbishops) and the Cardinal Primate himself.

THE EVIDENT RESTIVENESS of the Catholic rank and file seems, in fact, to be pushing the Church toward a new political position here. It has not disowned Franco, by any means. On the contrary, it has permitted him to lean heavily on Opus Dei, a secret lay order whose membership of more than ten thousand controls the Banco Popular, one of the principal banks, and is strong in the universities, in radio, television, movies, and the press; it has seven posts in Franco's cabinet. While Opus Dei enjoys great unpopularity, the Church has done nothing to curb its powers, since it clearly represents the extreme right-wing formula for the succession after Franco's death. At the same time, the hierarchy is apparently taking the precaution to develop a left-wing formula as well.

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For several years, the hierarchy has given fairly overt encouragement to a circumspect, though not clandestine, group of elder statesmen led by the former conservative Republican Gil Robles, who was minister of war in mid-1935 but fled to Portugal when the civil war broke out. This group has been trying to organize a Christian Democratic formation for the succession. While this has been the only political grouping of democratic Catholics in sight, it is heavily conservative and strongly monarchist in leaning, and has had little appeal for Catholic workers. Recently, therefore, the Church has begun to seek a foothold among these workers themselves. Both the Workers' Brotherhoods and the Catholic Workers' Youth have slipped into open militancy, if not with the hierarchy's official sanction then at least with its energetic protection. The scathing HOAC manifesto that led to the arrest of its president last May had been approved by the Primate of Spain, Enrique Cardinal Pla y Deniel, before the police banned it; and persistent police persecution of the HOAC and JOC after that episode finally led the cardinal to address the régime in terms he had not used during twenty-five years of close association with the Spanish dictator.

In a 2,500-word letter written to Franco's minister of the Falange, who is also boss of the corporate syndicates that pass for unions here, the Primate warned that continuing repression of the Workers' Brotherhoods "would pose a true conflict between Church and state." The "exclusive and mandatory nature" of the the Spanish syndicates, he wrote, was causing "opponents in and out of Spain to consider these syndicates inconsistent with the principles of the Church." The Brotherhoods, he said, had merely petitioned the syndicates for more authentic worker representation. "Is it true," he demanded, "that within the syndicates the right of petition is denied? If so, they would be part of a totalitarian régime such as Hitler's or the Soviet Union's. . . . In Spain, with a model concordat, Catholic workers are labeled suspect in police circulars, their meetings are broken up, their leaders are harassed by police. . . . In 1943, the Spanish state could be

defended in the Cortes as an ideal totalitarian state. But no one dares to call himself a totalitarian today. . . . One cannot operate in Spain in 1960 as in 1940."

If this letter wasn't exactly an invitation for a left-of-center Catholic opposition in Spain, it was about as close to that as a Cardinal Primate could get. The day may never come when the Church as a whole takes a stand against Franco, but the days of its willingness to support him unconditionally have passed.

A Contented Embassy

There is no evidence so far that the same might be said for the American embassy in Madrid. Though our own kind of concordat with Franco is much less binding than the Vatican's, our embassy officials do not seem to be reading the signs the way the Church itself does. Indeed, they appear reluctant even to make the contents of the Cardinal Primate's letter known to American reporters. When I asked one of our political counselors to let me see the text—which had not been published in the Spanish press—he told me first that there was no copy around, then that it was classified, therefore that I could not read it even in his presence, and finally that he might read it to me. This, eventually, he did. But he refused to reread the important passages, assuring me that their importance had been much exaggerated by papers like the New York *Times*.

The incident might not be worth mentioning if something of the kind had not happened so often to American journalists here. Even in private, our diplomats in Spain have seemed anxious to preserve our close public identification with Franco and—unlike the Catholic Church—show few signs of concern over that relationship today.

A great many Spaniards consider this identification to be a personal triumph for our retiring ambassador. John Davis Lodge, who has often during his six-year mission sounded more like Franco's advocate than our own. "Spain," he has said repeatedly in his speeches, "has been misunderstood and misinterpreted in our country many times over," and the two countries "have more in common than is generally realized." Among the things we have in common, he has stressed, is an understanding of "the true nature of the Communist danger," which the Spaniards "had learned in a bloody and brutal civil war" even before other western nations understood it. "From recent tragic experiences and by deep conviction," he said on another occasion, "Spain is wholeheartedly on our side in meeting the dread menace of our time. Accordingly, the most elementary logic demands that [Spain] should be accepted by NATO;

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. . . I have never heard an argument of substance against [this]. Indeed, Spain's exclusion from NATO has become a monstrous anachronism in a dangerous world."

In making these pronouncements, the ambassador has sought what he calls a "properly directed emphasis, stressing the lofty aspirations which unite, rather than the considerations which divide." That has been Franco's objective, too. The Spanish dictator's concept of the lofty aspirations uniting us, however, assumes not only a mutual determination to meet the menace of Communism but also a mutual affection for political autocracy. His controlled press has been saying for years—most recently in a series of articles run by *Arriba*—that America's democratic elections, two-party system, and free press are nothing but banal and rather ridiculous fictions to camouflage a crude capitalist oligarchy, and serve only to weaken what might otherwise be a great nation. "The achievement of great exploits demands political unity and discipline," Franco observed on hearing of Russia's first Sputnik.

The ambassador has never tried to correct these assertions. In fact, during his tenure of office he has acted as if the American system greatly resembles Franco's and the American people very much admire Franco himself as a ruler, thinker, and statesman. Perhaps he has done this with the best of intentions. But the ravages he has wrought are impressive.

Without exception, every opponent of Franco's I have talked with—from monarchist to Christian Democrat to Social Democrat to Socialist—has spoken of America with the bitterness of a lover betrayed. "In 1940, even in 1950," said one of the most brilliant and authoritative men in the opposition, "America was everything to us: friend, preacher, healer, teacher. Now, in just a few years, you have done worse than waste this splendid patrimony. Whether through ignorance or cynicism or cowardice, you have let a petty dictator lower your great country to his level; and in doing that, you have permitted a systematic distortion not just of American democracy but of democracy altogether. We don't care so much about the anti-American sentiment spreading through Spain, though of course it's a pity. What we do care about is the loss of the democratic idea as an alternative to Franco's. A few years ago, Communism was anathema to all of us. But now we have a new generation that knows nothing of the Communists' abuses in our civil war, and nothing of the passion for democracy that made others of us fight it. They are the ones who will be deciding Spain's future; and you have left us alone with them."

THE SOURCE of this bitterness is not the establishment of American bases here, which few Spaniards question, but the clumsiness with which our diplomats have tried to protect them; and the damage done is nothing that careful diplomacy, skillfully applied, could not repair. No sensible Spaniard expects the U.S. to close down five of the biggest and best air and naval bases it has in Europe, still less to break relations with Franco. What they ask is that, while we deal with his government as long as it is in power, our continuing financial aid should be aimed at furthering the general welfare of the Spanish people. They would like us to intervene discreetly in the worst cases of police persecution and prison torture and, with equal discretion, establish communication with the various democratic opposition groups. In short, they ask us only to do more or less what the Church is doing now in Spain. The fact is that the Church, like a number of secular powers throughout history, manages to have several concurrent and related policies available. We have shown no evidence of such skill.

The Catholic Church, as an authoritative Christian Democrat explains, will never make a frontal assault on Franco, and will almost certainly try to hold out for an orderly succession after his death. Meanwhile, however, it is preparing several political instruments to be held in readiness not only for that occasion but for emergency use beforehand if necessary. "The present stage," says this Catholic leader, "is pre-political—a period when what is needed most is a loosening of the régime's severest restrictions so that our moderate Catholic opposition can have a minimum liberty to operate. What comes next will depend on the extent and intensity of various political pressures, particularly that of the Communists', whose spreading influence might conceivably require emergency action in Franco's lifetime—if he lives too long."

Naturally, other opposition groups would like the United States to go further than that. "The Church is historically slow to make decisions," says a Social Democratic leader, "and it has a much bigger stake in the régime than you Americans do. We ourselves don't believe the country can afford to wait ten years or more for Franco to die or quietly abdicate. If there is no change in five years, there will be chaos here. Should you care to give the democratic opposition a helping hand, you have an excellent opportunity to do that by delivering radio transmitters and money to our friends—who are your friends—in Latin America. You will no doubt point out the danger that this might present us with a Fidel Castro. But the danger of a Castro does not come from us, and does not exist now. It's five years from now that you may have to start worrying about a Castro—and by then, we might be no more able to stop one than you could."

IT WILL, of course, be up to the new American ambassador and the new men in the State Department to weigh all this advice and discard whatever is unsuitable. It seems plain, however, that much of it could be applied without endangering our military position in Spain. The moral support we have given Franco merely by our military presence—not to mention the $1.7 billion we have invested in Spain since 1953—has already given us appreciably more bargaining power than we have tried to use; and since every advance into the space age reduces, though may not eliminate, the strategic importance of these military installations, our bargaining power should be quite strong indeed by the time the base agreements come up for renewal in 1963.

Certainly, in no part of the world is the imaginative diplomacy that is credited to the Kennedy administration more needed than in the two countries of the Iberian Peninsula.

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While Time Runs Out in Laos

MICHAEL FIELD

PNOMPENH, CAMBODIA

With the acquiescence of the local Soviet embassy, I accompanied Prince Souvanna Phouma when he flew from his self-imposed exile here in Cambodia a few weeks ago to confer with the rump government that has been established in his name in the Xiengkhouang Province of Laos. The only other correspondents invited to board the gray Soviet Ilyushin transport plane when it took off after dark in elaborate secrecy from Pochentong Airport were James Wilde of *Time-Life* and the New York *Times* and Yuri Kourotshkin, the Tass correspondent in Cambodia. Aside from Souvanna Phouma himself, the passengers included a high official of the Pathet Lao and a member of the prince's cabinet who had fled with him after General Phoumi Nosavan's anti-Communist forces seized power in Vientiane, the capital of Laos, last December.

With navigation lights extinguished and curtains drawn, the plane flew fast and high over the Annamitic Chain that divides Laos from Vietnam. The burly Russian crewmen in ostentatiously civilian dress were apprehensive about the possibility of attack by fighters from Thailand or South Vietnam. There were sighs of relief when we flew in over North Vietnamese territory and spotted Hanoi's Gialam Airport, picked out by brilliant runway searchlights.

We two western correspondents were treated with cautious friendliness in Hanoi. We had no visas, but as guests of Souvanna Phouma we were put up at the Unity Hotel, which is reserved for important political delegations, and were shown enough of the city to realize that industrialization and hard work are taking priority over urban embellishment.

THE NEXT DAY the Ilyushin took us over the route of Russian arms supplies to the center of Laotian resistance: the Plaine des Jarres, cradled four thousand feet high in the craggy mountains of Xiengkhouang. About fifty battle-worn parachutists stood raggedly at attention on the airstrip. They had come a long, hard road since General Phoumi Nosavan's superior armament drove them from burning Vientiane last December. Their leader, tiny, high-strung Captain Kong Lae, jumped up and down with joy like the marionette he now seems to have become.

Quinim Pholsena, Souvanna Phouma's principal lieutenant, an embittered politican whose leftish neutralism has become rancid anti-westernism, saluted the prince gravely. He and his companions, the

leaders of Souvanna Phouma's government in semi-exile, now wear incongruous blue berets in their new role as bush fighters. Quinim, whom I have known for some years as the owner of a Vientiane shop retailing sporting rifles, silks, and left-wing literature, greeted me by inquiring about the fate of his dog. He seemed indifferent to the loss of his property, which had been pillaged during Phoumi Nosavan's take-over.

The most striking figure in the welcoming party that day was Prince Souphanouvong, Souvanna Phouma's half-brother, who has become the acknowledged leader of the Pathet Lao rebellion. A handsome prince of the blood royal, Souphanouvong has adopted the workers' dress of navy-blue pants, tunic, peaked cap, and high boots. Since escaping from jail in Vientiane last May, he has grown a wispy beard. Nearly twenty years of guerrilla struggle have given him a tougher appearance than his suave, westernized half-brother. But he shares his French tastes and still reads *Le Monde* whenever he can get it.

Chopped Beef and Chopped Logic

"That is your car, comrades." A young Lao student with a North Vietnamese Youth Movement badge on his semi-military jacket pointed to a Russian command car. During the next forty-eight hours we had ample opportunity to judge the extent of Soviet assistance to left-wing Laotian forces. Heavy and light weapons, ammunition, and transport have poured into the Plaine des Jarres by air and road from North Vietnam in such vast quantities that to the military layman the place looks impregnable.

Obviously I was not here long enough to be able to say whether or not Xiengkhouang and the adjoining Pathet Lao-controlled Samneua Province have irrevocably become part of the Communist world. I do not know how far "liberation" techniques have been carried. But I do know that a plan for the Communization of Southeast Asia is being applied with considerable success in Laos.

"Neutrality and solidarity!" sang Kong Lae, hoarse with enthusiasm at a banquet of sticky rice and bayonet-chopped beef under Russian parachute silk tents one night. And Souvanna Phouma, rejoicing at the liberation of territory from General Phoumi's forces, echoed the demagogic appeals for nonintervention and peace that are the ambivalent passwords of his military alliance with the Pathet Lao. Although there may have been no agreement on the precise meaning of the terms, the atmosphere was certainly thick with double talk.

THE DISQUIETING REALITY of the political and military situation contrasted sharply with the charming Laotian setting. Heavy ZIS trucks,

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towing American 105-millimeter howitzers and filled with serious-faced young Pathet Lao soldiers in light khaki, rolled into the town of Xienghkouang as Buddhist monks in saffron robes chanted about the illusory quality of the physical world. Seated in a circle on the floor around an altar laden with flowers and fruit, Souvanna Phouma, Souphanouvong, and other dignitaries exchanged vows of friendship. The two princes sat motionless while they were formally welcomed by local authorities. Following the ancient custom, each tied strings around the other's wrist, signifying that thenceforth there could be no enmity between them. Outside in the blazing sun, Kong Lae's men fraternized freely with the Pathet Lao troops. Young activists paraded up and down with slogan-bedecked banners ("Down with United States intervention!" "Long live neutral Laos!"). Guards fidgeted with Russian submachine guns as an American plane, carrying out a reconnaissance mission for General Phoumi in Vientiane, droned overhead.

DURING my visit the most enthusiastic supporters of liberation for Laos were a score of journalists from various Communist countries. The atmosphere of the bungalow hotel in Phongsavan where we stayed, run by a hospitable but rather frightened-looking Indian, was heavy with the proselytizing zeal of Communism. Perspiring profusely in the tropical heat, Russians, Poles, and Czechs vied with their more discreet colleagues from Hanoi in extolling the joys of people's democracy. Comrade Thai Zuy, correspondent of the Hanoi weekly *Cuu Quoc* ("People's Salvation") became particularly loquacious with me one evening, explaining how he had been no more than a beast of burden before the Vietminh victory. Educated by Communists, raised from the dirt to the dignified status of a newspaperman, he looked forward to seeing the same sort of changes effected in Laos by the victory of the Pathet Lao.

The other Communist journalists were not so expansive with their two western colleagues, whose arrival with Souvanna Phouma was an unwelcome reminder that he calls himself a neutralist rather than a Communist. Protective security was used as a pretext to prevent us from circulating freely in Phongsavan, once a raffish opium-smuggling center, but Souvanna Phouma intervened on our behalf when I complained about the restrictions.

It's Not Up to the Laotians

Will Souvanna Phouma be able to maintain the tenuous authority he presently exercises over the extremists in Xiengkhouang? The fate of Laos depends on the answer to this question. Since our return, General Phoumi has come to Canossa here in Pnompenh and acknowledged Souvanna Phouma's unique ability to act as a link between right-wing nationalists and the Pathet Lao.

Both men obviously realize that time is running out. Over dinner here in Pnompenh during his visit, General Phoumi told me that he realizes an agreement with the Pathet Lao may now be necessary: although the movement was originally sponsored by Vietminh forces, it can no longer be dismissed as foreign intervention pure and simple. Prince Souvanna Phouma is aware of his own precarious position but feels that with western support he could persuade the Pathet Lao to agree on a neutral status for Laos, modeled on that of Cambodia.

Of course Cambodia enjoys certain geographical advantages over Laos, and Souvanna Phouma knows full well that there can be no peace in Laos, which lies landlocked between Communist China and North Vietnam on the north and anti-Communist Thailand on the south, until there is an agreement between the great powers that have become involved in the country's civil war.

I gather from my observation in Xiengkhouang and conversations with Russians, North Vietnamese, and other Communist officials in Hanoi that the Russians are in no mood to pull back at this point and let a pro-American government win back the provinces of Laos now held by the Pathet Lao. And China hasn't moved yet.

The Strong Man of Katanga

RICHARD COX

THE BELGIAN DIRECTOR of the Katanga National Bank was at his desk. His secretary, a slim girl in a tweed dress, came in while we were talking and said, "The police are here wanting to make some arrests." A moment later a crowd of African plain-clothes men and an officer in uniform with a drawn revolver burst in through another door. The director, annoyed, waved them back but they surged around him, shouting and arguing. Through the window I noticed that police with rifles were lining the street outside. The girl dashed next door to telephone President Moise Tshombe as her protesting boss was marched out to a Black Maria. It moved off, followed by two large American cars loaded with satisfied-looking Katanga officers. By this time, the secretary, unable to get through on the telephone, was speeding out of the yard in another car to Tshombe's official residence. The whole scene lasted five minutes at most—and an hour later Tshombe personally released the director. There had been a "mistake."

That was the day before Patrice Lumumba's arrival as a prisoner at Elisabethville. Some three hundred Africans had been arrested, ostensibly because of a plot against Tshombe, more probably to clear the city

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of possible Lumumba supporters. Nearly all were of "foreign" tribes brought in from other parts of the Congo by the Belgians. The bank director had lost a number of essential staff members through these arrests at a time when he was still inundated with work from the introduction of Katanga's new violently colored banknotes. These, printed with a large portrait of Tshombe and glorious in such hues as purple on yellow and orange and green on brown, were happily proving a financial if not an artistic success: already the Katanga franc fetches half as much again as the Congolese franc it replaced. The director protested against the arrests, and was promptly arrested himself by the ministry of the interior as an example to Belgians not to interfere. He subsequently explained to me, with what I considered remarkable detachment, that these people were still finding their footing; they were very sensitive about their new authority and one had to bear with them until they got used to it.

They Need Europeans

This seemed to me at the time, and still does despite the flood of anti-Belgian propaganda that has followed Lumumba's death, to be a fair example of the attitude of the better Belgian officials in Katanga. Admittedly there are others who try even now to introduce the divisions of Flemish-Walloon controversy into Katanga politics; who denounce each other to their Katanga ministers, usually for reasons of jealousy. But by and large the Belgian permanent secretaries to the Katanga ministers are doing a good job. Moreover, far from adhering to policies laid down in Brussels, they appear to be genuinely concerned for the good of Katanga and are often deeply opposed to their home government's actions. Tshombe has now offered Katanga nationality to all who want it, white or black. Current estimates put the Belgian population at about fifteen thousand; before independence it was thirty thousand.

The impression I gained from my recent visit to Katanga was that the ordinary people do not resent the presence of the Belgians. I went out to a village in the bush one afternoon with a young Belgian girl and two educated African girls who were helping to run a charitable program for educating village women. We took a big parcel of knitting wools and a French grammar. When we arrived, the village women all ran out from their huts and greeted us politely, saying *"Bonjour, mademoiselle"* to the Belgian girl and then collapsing into giggles at getting the phrase right. They were all very eager to learn French and she had been giving them lessons, while the two Katanga girls taught them to

knit clothes for their babies. I was reminded of the Roman Catholic archbishop's words to me the day before: "The great need of the Africans is for love—not exactly Christian love either." He explained that Africans urgently desire to feel wanted. The Belgians often treat the Africans wrongly: "Africans have natural dignity and politeness, and many Belgians don't treat them with this in return. Nonetheless they prefer the Belgians to the English, who have had long commercial relations with Katanga and started many of the copper mines. The English are polite, but to the Africans they seem to have no feeling in their hearts."

Politically, the truth seems to be that the Katanga government's retention of Belgian officials, as opposed to businessmen, is a *mariage de raison.* They need Europeans; and of Europeans, they prefer Belgians, whom they know. To be sure, they are touchy about what they call "Belgian imperialism." The minister of finance told me bluntly that his government's aim is to break the Belgian monopoly in Katanga business. To this end it has already invited a German firm to start making paper, an Italian firm to go into road construction, and a British-Rhodesian-South African mining company to start operations to the southeast of Elisabethville. Furthermore, an order has been issued that all offices of the immensely powerful Union Minière du Haut Katanga are to be located in Katanga. This order may in fact be disregarded—many important managerial functions have been carried on in Brussels—but it is at least unlikely that the order itself was made at the behest of Belgian advisers. The Belgians are said to be especially worried about American competition, and Tshombe's government has declared that it would welcome American businessmen. It is also Tshombe's policy to encourage expansion of trade with the neighboring countries of Angola, Northern Rhodesia, and Tanganyika.

The Baluba Question

What is Tshombe's record since he appointed himself president of an independent Katanga a few days after the Congo's independence? Katanga's copper mines have lost only one and a half days' production—when the army mutinied on July 9 and many Europeans fled the country. The army itself, formerly made up of Congolese recruited from the worst elements of the population, has been completely reformed. At the time of the mutiny only one unit remained loyal to its officers. Tshombe realized at once—as the United Nations has done belatedly—that the only answer was to start again. He disbanded all but 300 of the 3,000-strong force, renamed it the gendarmerie, and ordered recruitment of rather better material. He now has a disciplined and effec-

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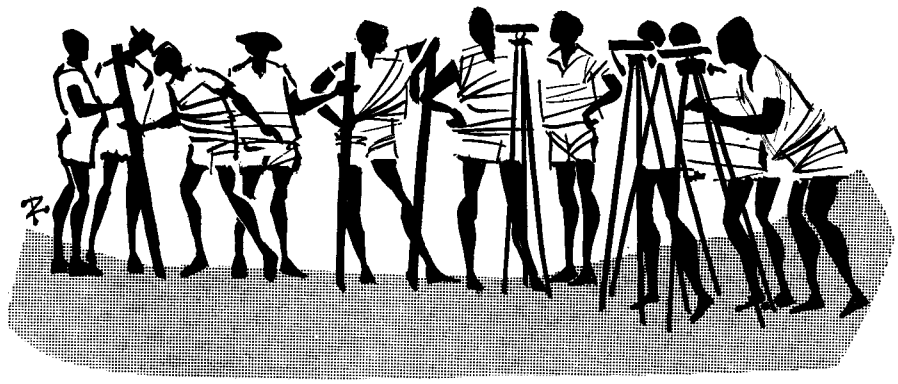
tive force of about five thousand men; most of the officers are Belgians. Alone among the leaders of the Congo, Tshombe need not fear that his army will become uncontrollable at the slightest provocation. He can maintain law and order, and in the Congo today this is a remarkable achievement.

There is little doubt that had Katanga always been a separate state, the western nations would be praising Tshombe to the skies. He may be arrogant sometimes. He may even be a trifle ridiculous, as when recently he created a new household guard uniformed like a musical-comedy version of the Garde Républicaine, resplendent in red coats, riding boots, and breeches, crowned with topees sporting red, yellow, and green plumes, and mounted proudly on secondhand Rhodesian race horses. But Tshombe clearly understands that the Communists thrive on the disappearance of authority, the power vacuum left when the whites ceased to rule, and on the conflicts of tribalism. He has grasped the essentials of strong government and understands the need for continuing economic development.

THIS may sound overstated in view of the Baluba troubles in North Katanga. The Balubas, fierce and lawless, have always been restless, and back in September Lumumba's agents stirred them into revolt. The situation worsened rapidly when the United Nations created a neutral zone of the area around Manono in North Katanga, whereupon Tshombe withdrew his forces from the region. Soon afterward six hundred pro-Lumumba soldiers from Stanleyville marched in—the United Nations failed to notice their approach until they had actually arrived. Tshombe was furious, and this operation, coupled with the subsequent formation of a new Lualaba Province in North Katanga, has probably cost him North Katanga for good.

This pro-Lumumba invasion forced Tshombe to realize that he might after all be able to survive without an alliance with some of his neighbors, since he wasn't going to get much help from anywhere else despite all the highly colored reports of recruitment for his foreign legion. He therefore began negotiating with President Kasavubu and with Albert Kalonji, the self-styled premier of South Kasai. While joint defense against the troops coming from Stanleyville was under discussion. Mobutu's army mutinied over pay at Thysville and Lumumba nearly escaped. He was then moved to the relative security of Elisabethville.

TO BE OBJECTIVE about what followed is not easy, because Congolese thinking and politics are so far removed from European or American. The murder of the former premier, to whatever extent Tshombe had a hand in it, was clearly an offense against all standards of civilized behavior. But it must be remembered that this is precisely the way Lumumba's supporters were acting in their strongholds, not least in Tshombe's own country. After seeing photographs of both Europeans and Africans killed by Balubas, one finds it somewhat less difficult to understand why Tshombe should feel unsympathetic toward Lumumba, quite apart from political expediency. The Balubas cut the hands and feet off their victims, make them walk on the ragged stumps until they faint, then impale them on sharpened sticks and behead them only when they are just about dead anyway. Such violence and brutality does not justify Lumumba's murder, but it does help to explain it.



Lines on a Map

The recent meeting of Congolese leaders (with the notable exception of Antoine Gizenga) in Tananarive seems a great victory for Tshombe, who has long insisted that the idea of a central government for the Congo is obsolete and that some form of confederation must be established. Two questions remain: whether the pro-Lumumba side in the Congo, now led by centralist Gizenga, will come to terms with the new "confederation"; and whether Tshombe will settle all of his major differences with President Kasavubu.

Tshombe has never refused to aid the Congo; he merely refuses to admit a regular annual liability. He maintains, with reason, that the frontiers of the Congo and of Katanga are completely arbitrary European creations and that the tribes of Katanga are as closely related to those of Rhodesia and Tanganyika as they are to those of the Congo.

Tshombe is in fact one of the first African leaders to question the frontiers that the colonial powers created in Africa. There is scarcely a frontier in Africa that was laid down for any other reason than that it was where two colonial powers came to agreement. Already the new Republic of Somalia is agitating to be reunited with the Somali populations of the Ogaden in Ethiopia and the Northern District in Kenya. Ghana is trying to swallow French Togoland. The British Southern Cameroons has just voted in a U.N. plebiscite for union with the Cameroon Republic instead of with Nigeria, through which it was formerly administered.

The next stage after independence in Africa is going to be the realignment of frontiers. After the battles of nationalism are over, it may be that the most sensible means of avoiding civil and tribal warfare will be to follow the pattern of confederation that Tshombe has worked to establish in the Congo.

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STEEL UNDER STRESS:

I. A Dialogue of the Deaf

RICHARD M. RALSTON

HALFWAY through the long 1959 steel strike, one of the steel industry's customers, known for a candor that some businessmen regarded as disturbing, stated publicly that industry-wide bargaining in steel was not producing settlements in the best interests of the nation or the public. A steel-industry executive reacted to this by suggesting, "Perhaps that upstart should have his mouth washed out with soap."

Proposals that both sides submit their disputes to compulsory arbitration when it is clear they cannot voluntarily reach a settlement have been rejected by the United Steelworkers of America. "Compulsory arbitration is socialism," said David J. McDonald, president of the union, at the 1959 annual meeting of the Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO. "Compulsory arbitration in steel or any other great American industry would eventually permeate all aspects of American life," he warned.

Obviously, neither the steel industry nor the United Steelworkers looks kindly upon criticism of its record in labor negotiations. Yet collective bargaining in the steel industry has seldom been free and rarely effective.

Seldom have the two sides negotiated a contract without a strike and an eventual settlement influenced heavily by some form of government intervention. In the nine instances of collective bargaining in this industry since the end of the Second World War, there have been five major nation-wide strikes.

In 1959, the two sides approached their negotiations fatalistically from the outset. Dutifully they parleyed, but their talks were nothing more than a dialogue of the deaf. Inevitably, because of the economic distance separating them, negotiations broke down into the longest steel strike in the nation's history. After six months of fruitless and intermittent talks, held mostly in response to government pressure, they were still so unwilling to compromise that the White House itself had to intervene and dictate the terms of the settlement.

Today an uneasy truce between management and labor governs the steel industry until the spring of 1962, when the present labor agreement expires. Then the two sides will meet again to go through the motions of hammering out another agreement.

RIGHT NOW it is impossible to forecast the probable outcome of these negotiations. But if the past is a reliable precedent, the prospects of a strike-free labor agreement in this industry appear dim indeed. Already the combatants are busily preparing for the next battle. The United Steelworkers makes no secret of its desire for a thirty-two-hour week to cushion the effects of unemployment in steel industry. (It has been estimated that this would in-

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crease the industry's labor costs by twenty-five per cent.) And because the recession in steel threatens the steelworker with an insecure future, the union is likely to ask also for boosts in the company-financed health and welfare programs, designed to protect workers against misfortunes such as technological unemployment, sickness, accidents, hospitalization, and a host of other difficulties.

The industry, on the other hand, is appealing to both the public and the workers for an end to the increases in wages and benefits that have become an established way of life for the industry since the Second World War. For its 1962 encounter with the Steelworkers the industry is maintaining the solid front that prevailed in the 1959 and earlier negotiations. The twelve largest companies, reduced to eleven when Kaiser defected by settling early with the union, functioned as a co-ordinating committee, and both the Steelworkers and the steel industry appointed four-man teams to conduct the negotiations. The industry's four men were from the three biggest steel companies: United States Steel, Bethlehem Steel, and Republic Steel. These companies together represent 53.9 per cent of the nation's steel capacity, an output potential at full production of 79 million tons of steel a year, more than the Soviet Union can produce in the same period.

Not Peace but a Mimeograph

When two such giant bureaucracies as the American steel industry and the powerful United Steelworkers Union clash, they no longer fight it out on the picket lines. Instead, they wage verbal war from command posts in New York offices and deferentially smite each other with press releases, advertisements, and public statements, according to some industrial version of the Geneva Convention. What was once a war of physical violence has, perhaps happily, turned into a conflict of Mimeograph machines. Yet peace does not come any quicker.

Such civilized industrial warfare would be admirable if it produced genuine understanding between the two contestants and strike-free agreements. But it doesn't, and one would have to be an optimist indeed to see in the present form of steel bargaining anything but a dead-end process.

It all seems foolish, if not reckless, in view of steel's present economic plight. Steel is still the cheapest, strongest, and most adaptable metal; but with the steel market contracting because of competition from aluminum, glass, cement, and plastics, as well as the influx of foreign steel both in its raw form and as finished products, the American steel industry is undergoing great soul searching to determine its future in this new competitive era.

Labor agreements in the steel industry have had profound economic effects on the national economy. They have been followed by price increases in steel, which have infected the entire national price structure, contributing to the rise in the average American's cost of living and bringing continuous pressure and some justification for more wage increases.

A report by the Joint Economic Committee of Congress, issued during the 1959 steel strike, stated that the rising price of steel has had a "strongly inflationary" impact on the entire national economy.

"The extraordinary behavior of steel accounted for 40 per cent of the rise" in the wholesale price index from 1947 to 1958, mostly since 1951, the report said. If steel prices had behaved like the rest of the index, the increase would have been only fourteen points instead of twenty-three. The report attributed the increase to the strength of the United Steelworkers of America, the market power and financing practices of the steel companies, Federal government intervention in labor-management bargaining, and the rising costs of production equipment.

Uncertainty over steel prices and the duration of strikes has sent buyers frantically to the market to stockpile steel in quantities great enough to assure them of uninterrupted production as long as possible. This results in high steel operations in the months preceding negotiations. Steel consumers also boost their output in order to fill warehouses from which retailers and distributors can obtain manufactured goods during a strike. A false boom occurs, producing a sense of national economic euphoria that cannot be justified by the normal indicators used to measure the economy's performance. This distortion confuses businessmen and economists about the actual trend of buying and inventory accumulation, both important yardsticks for measuring the nation's probable economic performance.

No one would claim to know the whole truth about why this upward movement of wages and prices occurs. Businessmen blame labor; labor blames business. Each uses statistics, sometimes the same statistics, but they argue from different assumptions. Each side also employs economists. (Doctrine, it appears, can be bought just like newspaper space.) Meanwhile the rest of the nation has been growing increasingly impatient with the steel industry's dialogue of the deaf. A report drawn up by the National Council of Churches concluded: "If collective bargaining between giants fails, if arbitration is not agreed to by the parties, and if the dispute reaches a point where it endangers the nation, there are few who will wish to exclude entirely government intervention. The problem is not 'whether'; it is 'when' and 'how' it must intervene and to what extent."

Government intervention is by now a traditional method of settling steel disputes, although both sides express pious horror at the very thought of it. Privately, both labor and management know very well that whenever government has intervened, labor has gained something and management has usually been given the green light to pass on its higher costs to the consumer in price increases. But the market is showing stiff resistance to price rises, and since 1959 the industry has had to swallow labor-cost increases resulting from its present agreement without compensating increases in prices.

During the fourteen years following the Second World War, the wage-price push problem, as it has been called by the steel industry, was not critical. The United States had emerged from the conflict as the only major industrial nation spared the damage of war. The economies of the other big industrial nations lay in ruins. Only the United States had the productive capacity to meet its own needs and those of the war-

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wrecked nations struggling to recover. Demand for American goods at home and abroad was insatiable. What difference did it make in such a period if wages had to go up and prices too? The important consideration was to produce as much as possible at any cost. It was a glorious period while it lasted.

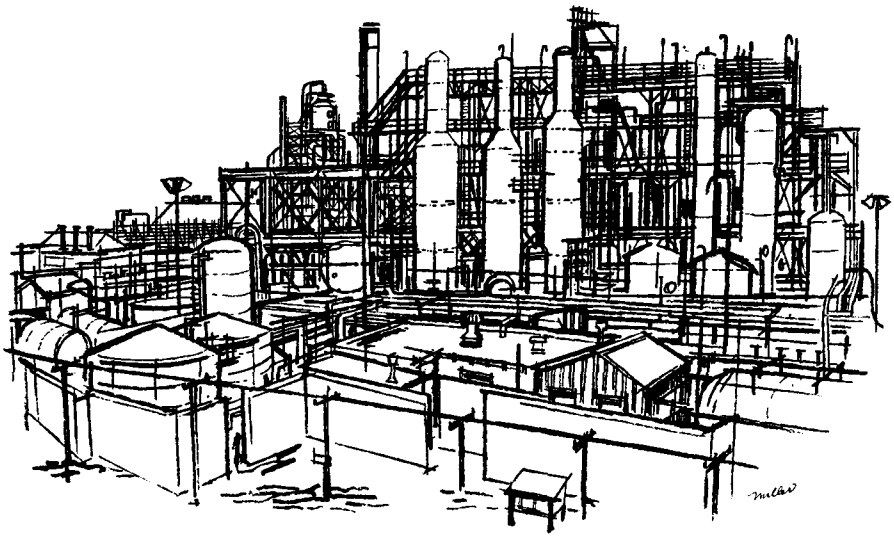
But while the American steel industry was adding new plants and equipment at an unprecedented rate, so was the steel industry of Russia and Europe. In both regions the growth in annual output has become greater than that of the United States. Since the Second World War America's output has doubled while that of the Coal and Steel Community of Western Europe has tripled, the same rate of growth as that of the Soviet Union.

In Western Europe two plans to provide an economic basis for European political unification were started. These plans affected not only the American steel industry but also the balance of world economic power, a balance that had been too long regarded as a contest between Russia and the United States.

The first was the Coal and Steel Community, started in 1952, under which six nations—Belgium, France, Italy, West Germany, Luxembourg, and the Netherlands—agreed to pool their coal and steel industries and remove the trade barriers that restricted their growth, productivity, and technology.

The second plan, an inevitable consequence of the first, was the European Common Market, in which the same six nations have been integrating their national economies in a free-trade area to remove the economic rivalries that led to political hostility before the Second World War. With the promise of a large free market, the European businessman is expanding his industries at an explosive rate.

Annual steel output, a mere 5.1 million tons in 1945 for all the Coal and Steel Community member nations, is now 70 million tons, and the metal is being produced and processed by equipment, much of it built since the war, that incorporates the last word in technology and methods. The competitive impact of these plans on the United States was dramatized in 1959 when



American steel consumers turned to foreign producers, most of them in Europe, to supply their steel as a hedge against the steel strike. The Americans discovered that the European steel was not only cheaper than American but in many instances equal in quality.

While steel imports exceeded exports by 2.9 million tons in 1959, most economists attributed the unfavorable balance to the steel strike, which cut off domestic supplies for six months. The 1960 figures, in which the foreign share of the American steel market diminished and the export-import deficit was reduced to 375,000 tons, do not reflect the full impact of foreign competition on the American steel industry. Almost any consumer is aware of the automobiles, cameras, typewriters, and other consumer goods produced abroad for sale in the United States. Many of these products are made of steel and therefore represent the loss of a potential domestic market for American steel.

The sudden realization by Americans that Europe could compete with the United States has been a hard shock for us to absorb. Steel management has attributed the advantages enjoyed by the European steel producer to the wage discrepancy between the United States and Europe. In 1959 Europe's total hourly payroll costs, including supplements, were $1.23 per worker, while the comparable American rate was three times as great at $3.79, although the approximate labor cost per ton of steel was only thirty per cent higher. According to Louis Lister's *Europe's Coal and Steel Community* (the Twentieth Century Fund), "Though the European steel industry is far less efficient than the American in the use of manpower, it is, along with the Japanese, nevertheless competitive because of low wage scales." As foreign steelmakers increase their efficiency, it is clear that American steel management will feel that it has economic virtue on its side when it calls for holding the line on wages.

Not by Bread and Butter Alone

Until recently, the Steelworkers leaders enjoyed a tremendous propaganda advantage over steel management. They could pose as crusaders for union recognition, pensions, insurance, unemployment benefits, and other benefits. All management could do, seemingly, was to grumble "No." But crusades don't come easy for the United Steelworkers today. Gone are the ringing declarations by labor leaders for human dignity; the declamations of John L. Lewis petitioning for Olympian justice against the selfish mineowners or the Scottish Philip Murray bristling with indignation at the steel executives he called a group of "pious hypocrites" when they opposed company-paid pensions for the steelworkers.

How will the union generate public enthusiasm for a thirty-two-hour week—an objective that according to some estimates would raise the steel industry's employment costs twenty-five per cent? How can such a cost burden be justified when steel is fighting the toughest competitive battle in its history? Even with automation, less work would not be a satis-

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factory answer to competition and declining business.

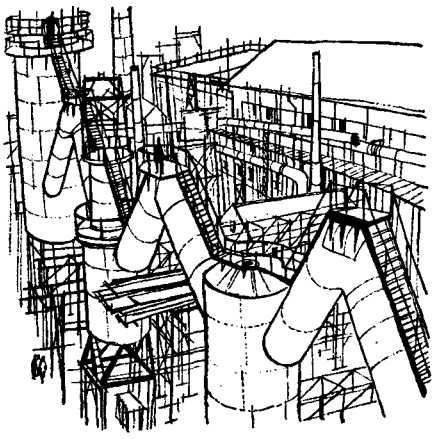
The Steelworkers union now finds itself in an ideological blind alley. Its self-proclaimed function is to restrict its activities to improving the living standards of its members and protecting their interests through free collective bargaining. Proposals that it engage in direct political action by forming a labor party or participate in management decision making have not been enthusiastically embraced by the present leadership of the union.

The limited bread-and-butter bargaining function that the American labor-union movement and the United Steelworkers in particular have imposed on themselves leaves them with little alternative but to press for higher wages and more benefits. When their contracts expire, the union leaders dare not face their rank and file with suggestions that they forgo greater benefits in the interest of helping the steel industry remain competitive. Dissident elements within the union, always threatening the incumbent leadership, would be only too willing to hear such restraint expressed so they could agitate for new leadership.

Self-restraint is not characteristic of the United Steelworkers leaders. It does not represent a formula for success. Instead, militancy and zeal are what the steelworkers expect from their leaders. To them, there are only two sides to the labor dialogue: labor's and management's, virtue and evil. They are not paying high monthly dues to the international union to hear appeals for restraint. They want results. The union leadership is paid to produce them, and produce them it has.

THE American steelworker has achieved one of the highest wage rates in history. His job has been made easier, his living standards improved, his dignity and human rights acknowledged in labor agreements, and his protection against misfortune increased. Working in a steel mill today is a lot more pleasant than it was a decade ago, and the union has been the instrument for bringing about improvements.

Yet the rights won by the steelworker, combined with the increasing complexity of the industry, are subtly changing him. As automatic machines spread throughout the industry, the steelworker becomes further and further removed from personal control over the job. He



becomes more subservient to the machine, even though his job environment may be more pleasant than before. The worker is depersonalized in continuous processing lines in the steel mills, such as the modern cold-strip mills, the continuous galvanizing lines, the electrolytic tinning lines, and automated slabbing mills. On the technological horizon are automated processes that will further reduce employment and increase machine discipline over the workers.

The worker has nothing to say about the introduction of these new machines, nor can he participate in determining how they are to be used. He becomes part of an automated system that seems to operate according to its own rules. He has become, in fact, interchangeable, or what is worse, an expendable input factor whose livelihood is threatened at any time by the capriciousness of the national economy or the introduction of some miraculously complex new machine.

As a result, many steelworkers have little sense of the permanence of their work or of its fundamental importance. Charles R. Walker in *Toward the Automatic Factory* (Yale University Press, 1957) quotes a mill hand whose job was changed because of the introduction of a semi-automatic seamless pipe mill: "I like the jobs in the old mill better than the jobs in the new because you're in control. What you do determines how the pipe goes, and what the machines do. You're on top of the machines. In Number 4 the machines are on top of you." Another worker said he "would rather have to work hard for eight hours than to do nothing physical but have to be tense for eight hours."

In such a predicament, the steelworker sees little alternative to the demands made by his union for higher pay and broader fringe benefits, and for proposals to slow down the rate of technological change. The steelworker is not yet so depersonalized that he has lost the instinct of self-preservation.

Clearly, the steel industry is experiencing economic difficulties and its labor relations show little promise of helping to solve its problems. Yet if the industry becomes even more uncompetitive than it is today, the steelworkers will suffer in unemployment, reduced work weeks, and, inevitably, lower living standards.

Let Us Reason Together

The American steel industry's predicament reflects a major national economic problem. Will the United States be able to compete in world markets? Will it be able to compete even within its own markets? Or will a larger share of the world markets go to aggressive and disciplined foreign producers?

These are not questions that can be solved by management alone. At first glance, they seem to require extensive government action. They are questions that severely strain some of our assumptions about so-called free collective bargaining. Responsible trade unionists must face up to these problems as honestly and as squarely as other groups in our society. Either they will make a genuine contribution to the solution of this economic predicament or their freedom will be severely circumscribed by the government. The public will demand it.

The steel industry, so basic and so fundamental to our economy and so vital in many ways, has an opportunity to recast its traditional labor-management relationship. This calls for more than going through the motions of holding periodic discussions on technicalities with the union in human-relations committees. A greater measure of union involvement in economic decision making in

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steel must come if the United Steelworkers is to moderate its labor-relations objectives.

As a beginning, the steel industry might propose the creation of a joint labor-management committee on automation to study its effect on the people working in steel and to recommend solutions to the social problems it raises. How can displaced people be re-employed? How can they be retrained and who should pay for their retraining? How can technological changes be communicated most effectively to workers? How can their understanding and co-operation be developed to eliminate low morale and apathy toward the machine?

Management constantly appeals to its workers to measure their goals in collective-bargaining demands against the economic position of the company and the steel industry. In effect, it asks them to consider management problems sympathetically. Yet it denies them the right, through their representatives, to participate in solving such problems. It is vehement about wanting unions to stay out of decision making.

But management can't have it both ways. Either the United Steelworkers remains a bread-and-butter union while management constantly fights off its demands with indifferent success, or the two groups jointly lay the basis for greater co-operation —a process that might lead to improved communications or, at any rate, to the elimination of the dialogue of the deaf that represents the greatest barrier to their mutual understanding.

Automation represents the inevitable industrial development of the future. It will profoundly alter the technology, organization, and social relations of industry. Its effects will extend to society itself. It threatens now further to reduce workers to expendable parts. It may enhance rather than diminish the mass psychology that facilitates manipulation of the individual by big government, big unions, and big business. This in turn threatens our traditional democratic concepts. Will we maintain a free society with autonomous self-governing bodies, or will the drive toward efficiency lead us increasingly toward centralization of government and leadership as well as toward larger industrial combinations?

In short, what is the human cost of automation? A joint committee might be a modest but important start, signaling a much-needed new era of industrial relations for the problem-ridden steel industry. Both labor and management in the industry possess tremendous talent, energy, and the other resources required for a voluntary approach to this problem.

The alternative is eventual government regulation to circumvent the most disturbing threats of automation—chronic unemployment and social insecurity. The government can impose or engineer solutions to the problem, but if the past is an indication, the cost is liable to be so great that it might nullify the economic and social advantages of automation. Also it might further jeopardize America's already unfavorable competitive position in world markets.

Government solutions are compromise solutions. Desirable though they be in the absence of any others, they can intensify and delay fundamental solutions and, in this case, fail to enhance the steel industry's competitive position.

Addressing delegates to the United Steelworkers 1960 annual convention in Atlantic City, former Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell urged management and labor to work toward greater understanding and mutual respect. He argued that the 1959 ". . . strike was in many ways a warning flag that it was time to move on to the future, it was time for labor and management to . . . meet the difficult problems of change with new forms and methods of communicating with one another . . . There has to be a year round communication at the top level between labor and management." He pointed out that the issues now facing steel labor and management were "not issues you can get to the bargaining table with, and they are not problems that can be worked out while running for a deadline." The growing competitive strength of other nations, "the question of changing technology on employment, the nature of inflation and the measurement of wage and profit loss in real terms—these are just some of the things confronting us." Secretary of Labor Arthur J. Goldberg has expressed himself in similar terms.

Collective bargaining in the steel industry is not working well. Its improvement is urgent if America is to avoid a decline into economic stagnation. Now is the time to look for solutions—not a year from now when there is a contract deadline and time has run out.

(This is the first of two articles on the steel industry)

A Second Chance for U Nu

STANLEY KARNOW

As originally planned, the demonstration was to be orderly and peaceful. The Rangoon students would file past the American embassy, burn Uncle Sam in effigy, and return to their dormitories. But a few professional agitators infiltrated among them (including an African anxious to protest against the death of Lumumba). Inexperienced in handling unruly crowds, the police got nervous. Shots were fired, clubs swung, stones thrown—and the "peaceful demonstration" ended with two Burmese dead and fifty injured. As riots go, it was a minor affair. But it was one of the worst within Burmese memory, and more important, it reflected the country's extraordinary preoccupation with its security.

The issue involved the United States only tangentially. What irritated the Burmese were signs that the Chinese Nationalists had recently transferred American military equipment from Formosa to a remnant group of Kuomintang troops isolated in northwest Burma. The Burmese seem to have convincing evidence. They captured weapons, ammunition, and other supplies in

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wooden crates that still bore the United States aid handclasp emblem. They had also shot down an unmarked B-24 that, the Nationalists rather lamely explained, was dropping "relief supplies" to Chinese "refugees." They were further incensed when Kuomintang newspapers in Formosa proudly defended the presence of Nationalist troops in Burma and criticized the Burmese for failing to recognize that they were being "protected" against Red China by these soldiers.

Washington considered the situation urgent enough to dispatch a team of American military experts to the scene. Even if the Burmese accusations—accompanied by photographs and eyewitness reports—appear valid, solid proof requires some investigation, such as checking the serial numbers on the captured weapons to determine if they had actually been supplied to Formosa. But the Burmese were too impatient to wait. Premier U Nu hastily sent a note to the United Nations, charging the Republic of China with aggression. The Student Union Federation organized its demonstration, and as a typical Burmese complained, "Why all the delay? The United States could have stopped those arms shipments a long time ago."

Border Threat

A Chinese Nationalist force had indeed, in 1951, used western Burma as a base from which to harass the Communists in Yunnan Province. But their attacks were repulsed, and eventually, after Burma pleaded to the U.N., all but about two thousand of the Kuomintang soldiers were evacuated to Formosa. During the past month a combined offensive by Burmese and Chinese Communist forces managed to disperse most of these last holdouts, driving them into Laos and Thailand.

To the Burmese, these Nationalist stragglers presented a threat. Last January, after years of repeated attempts and months of negotiations, Burma and Communist China finally reached a border agreement defining six hundred miles of frontier between their two countries. The presence of armed Chinese Nationalists in this frontier region, the Burmese felt, could conceivably provide Peking with a pretext to tear up the border treaty.

Undefined borders in these parts of Asia, especially those between big and small countries, are a constant source of worry. The line between Burma and China had never really been charted, and for centuries the tribesmen, merchants, and smugglers who roamed through this region of steaming jungles and frigid mountains were not greatly concerned. Prior to 1948, when Burma became independent, the British were occasionally at odds with different Chinese governments about where the frontier lay. They had extended the McMahon Line along from India and simply considered it Burma's northern boundary as well. In a treaty signed with the Chinese in 1897, the British acquired the Namwan Tract on lease for an annual rent of a thousand rupees.

INDEPENDENT BURMA first awoke to the existence of potential border trouble in 1948, when the Chinese Nationalist government refused the rent for the Namwan Tract, indicating that it preferred to have the area returned. On a map, the parcel of land might seem negligible and hardly worth a dispute. But it contained the only road linking the Shan and Kachin States, and thus it was valuable. After the Communists took control of mainland China, the Burmese pressed for a settlement. Years passed without any solution. At times there were clashes between Burmese and Chinese Communist troops. Once, India's Prime Minister Nehru offered to mediate and failed—just as U Nu attempted last year to mediate the border dispute between India and Communist China and also failed.

But to some extent, attitudes have changed lately. Recent disputes with such neutralist states as Indonesia and India have tarnished Peking's prestige in Asia. Eager to show that they are capable of conciliation, the Chinese Communists made generous gestures toward Cambodia, Afghanistan, and Nepal.

Early last year, when Peking opened border talks with Burma, they were surprisingly docile on substantive matters. Although both sides recognized the Namwan Tract as Chinese, they obligingly turned it over to the Burmese. In another border district—the Hpimaw area—they pared down their claims from 186 to fifty-nine square miles. And if, in their border dispute with India, they had rejected the McMahon Line as a relic of British imperialism, they readily accepted it as the common frontier with Burma—insisting only, to save face, that it be termed the "traditional customary line."

When Chinese Premier Chou En-lai went to Burma in January to exchange the final instruments of ratification on the border agreement, Prime Minister U Nu conferred upon his guest the unprecedented rank of "Supreme Upholder of the Glory of Great Love," and a lavish gold-and-jade medal was struck to accompany the new title. At fruit-juice cocktail parties and vegetarian banquets there was much oratory extolling "peaceful coexistence between kinsmenlike neighbors," with fireworks to punctuate the perorations. As if the border treaty were not enough, the Chinese extended to Burma an interest-free loan of $84 million and agreed to purchase some 350,000 tons of Burmese rice at a price well above the current market quotation.

THE CONTRAST, within less than two months, between professions of "immortal friendship" with the Chinese Communists and riots in front of the American embassy may appear discomforting. But, it seems to me, the successive demonstrations do not prove that the Burmese are either pro-Communist or anti-American. Both are, rather, outward manifestations of the same Burmese characteristic: a profound preoccupation with their security. The Burmese were shocked by Chinese Communist brutality in Tibet and worried by Peking's callous handling of the border dispute with India, and most recently they have been concerned by Communist guerrilla activity in neighboring Laos. Therefore the way to avoid trouble, they believe, is to find an "accommodation" with Red China. The arrangement that they found, thanks to Peking's particular policy at the time, was advantageous. As a prominent Rangoon publisher puts it: "We don't have the force to defy the Chinese. Instead, we made

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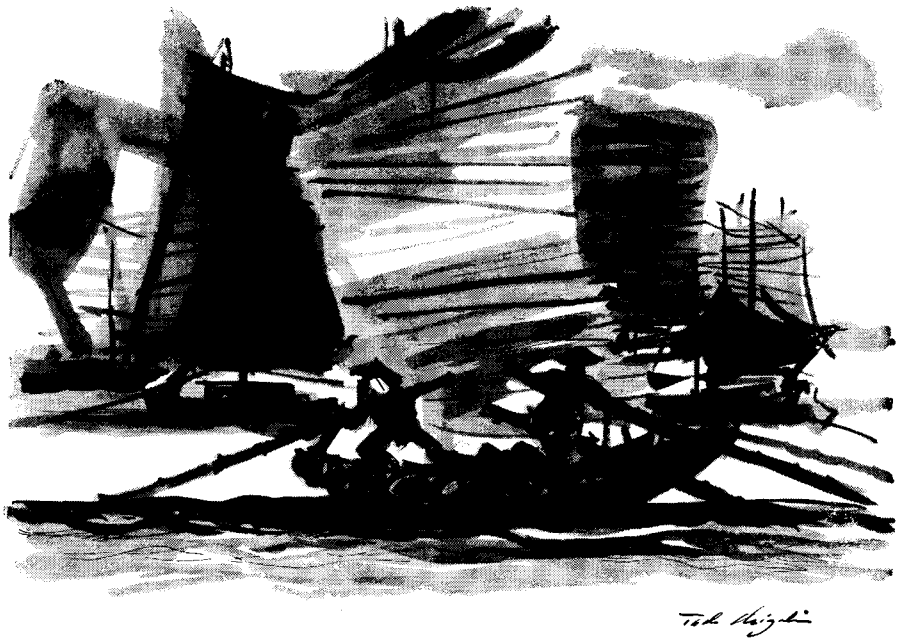
a treaty, and it's worth more military might than we possess."

If audibly and visibly preoccupied with external security, the Burmese are also much concerned at present about their country's internal stability. In the year since Prime Minister U Nu and his civilian politicians have been back in power, Burma has shown some ominous signs of slipping back toward the kind of confusion that late in 1958 led to the creation of a military "caretaker" government.



Growing Pains

The Union of Burma was handicapped even before it was established as a sovereign state in January, 1948. The summer before, seven of the country's most talented leaders—including U Aung San, the recognized future head of government—were assassinated, just at a time when their services were most needed. Soon afterward, a variety of other troubles cropped up. Ethnic minorities—the Karens, Shans, Kachins, and others—broke out in insurrections. These were compounded by uprisings by two kinds of Communists, the White Flags or Stalinists, operating on Moscow directives, and the Red Flags or Trotskyists, of local inspiration. The remnant Chinese Nationalists also joined in the fray, and there were times when the young Burmese government exercised authority no further than the suburbs of Rangoon.

These rebellions disrupted Burma's economy. Rice exports, the largest in the world during prewar days, dwindled to almost nothing as paddy production fell, and what money was earned was channeled into outfitting the army. Lucrative tin, silver, and tungsten mines could not function upcountry, and it was too dangerous to utilize the country's valuable timber resources.

On top of these difficulties, the government itself piled a few more. Imbued with socialist doctrine, officials were intent on developing industry. They made large and wasteful investments on such projects as a steel mill that ran out of raw material once wartime supplies of scrap metal were exhausted, and a pharmaceutical plant to produce vitamins that could not be marketed. Amid these economic failures, graft and corruption spread among civil servants and politicians. A common practice in Rangoon, for example, was for muncipal officials to take bribes from landowners on the promise to chase squatters from their property, then collect bribes from the squatters on the assurance that they might remain.

In 1958, the decade of difficulties came to a head. The original nationalist coalition, the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League, had been disintegrating slowly over the years. Personal rivalries led to an open split between U Nu, who formed the Clean AFPFL, and a group of his subordinates, who created the Stable AFPFL.

Despite his public image as a holy, self-effacing Buddhist, U Nu can be a highly practical man. When the AFPFL split, his faction, just like his opponents', did not hesitate to hire armed men. Squatters in Rangoon were terrorized and there were open clashes in the countryside. To bolster his side, U Nu made an alliance with the pro-Communist National United Front and tried to win the support of the Communist guerrillas by declaring an amnesty for all rebels. In September, 1958, he tried to bring his loyal Union Military Police into Rangoon, but the army stopped and disarmed them. Troops moved to cover the airport, harbor, and road junctions, and there was the smell of another civil war in the air.

At this point, two young colonels, Aung Gyi and Maung Maung, went to see U Nu. They told him that the army would not stage a *coup d'état* or attempt to declare martial law. But neither would it tolerate violations of the constitution by politicians; nor would it permit them to make deals with the Communist insurgents. U Nu wisely conceded that he was cornered. Rather than try to fight on, he agreed to step down in favor of a military "caretaker" government. The army commander, General Ne Win, became prime minister. Apologizing for his lack of experience in administering a country, he promised to relinquish power at the earliest convenient time. Some months later, Colonel (now Brigadier-General) Aung Gyi explained to me: "We were not interested in controlling the government. We had to defend the constitution. The army cannot remain aloof."

Aung Gyi's statement, which professes to respect the constitution and yet implies that the army might play a political role, may sound somewhat contradictory. In fact, it is a sincere and accurate reflection of Burmese military thinking. The army was not, and still is not, averse to assuming power. But it considers that its mission is not to wield power for its own sake but to establish the climate within which the parliamentary system can function.

This is an unusual military men-

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tality for an underdeveloped country. Burmese army officers, however, are not soldiers with political ambitions but nationalists who became soldiers. General Ne Win, for example, was a post-office employee who became part of the nationalist movement before the Second World War and was later trained as an officer by the Japanese. Many of his younger colleagues, educated at the University of Rangoon, were students whose political education was a potpourri of Fabian socialism, Marx, Mussolini, and Hitler—all of it a search for some sort of doctrine adaptable to Asia. Out of this confusion they developed a dedication to the principles (if not always the practice) of western democracy.

Defining Burma's "ideology" in a speech not long ago, the army's director of education and psychological warfare, Colonel Ba Than, explained that economic development must proceed within "a system based on the eternal principles of justice, liberty, and equality." Rejecting Communism, he stated: "The people who rule over us must be those we choose from among ourselves by free and fair elections."

The Dogs' Decision

The days that followed the establishment of a military government were unlike anything Burma had even seen. Some thirty army officers, most of them under forty, moved into key administrative posts, bringing a new spirit of discipline and efficiency to a civil service that had long been lethargic and incredibly bureaucratic.

One of their first jobs was to clean up Rangoon. Squatters' slums spread across almost every piece of unused land. Garbage went uncollected, and thousands of dogs roamed the streets, unmolested because Buddhist principle prevented killing them. Colonel Tun Sein, a huge, dynamic man, took over the municipal administration, and at once tackled the canine problem. His troops dropped meat throughout the city, almost all of it poisoned. Thus, when fifty thousand dogs were destroyed, the colonel was able to argue that Buddhist precepts had been observed: the dogs had been "free" to choose the pieces of meat that were not poisoned.

A campaign to "clean Rangoon with our sweat" was promoted, and broom squads that included both coolies and businessmen were organized to scrub the streets. A major project was the resettlement of nearly two hundred thousand squatters—almost one-quarter of the city's population—from public parks and empty lots to new towns in the suburbs. In a ruthless but effective fashion, the army provided each squatter family with building materials at cost price, assigned them a place in one of the suburban towns, and set them a deadline to be out of Rangoon. Most grumbled as they went, but they went.

At the same time, the army intensified its fight against the various rebels in the countryside. Within a year the Communist insurgents, both the Red Flag and White Flag groups, were almost entirely subdued, though there was still the problem of defeating the Karen and Shan rebels. During the same period, Burma's horrendous crime rate dropped by some thirty per cent. The army simply announced that citizens had one month in which to surrender illegal weapons, and enforcement of this decree uncovered fourteen thousand of them.

In hundreds of cases, the army discovered that in many ways Burma bordered on anarchy. The officer who assumed control of the railroads, for example, found that passengers usually did not bother to buy tickets but just boarded a train and rode free. When, one day, he declared that every passenger must purchase a ticket, he was told by the Rangoon stationmaster that there just weren't enough tickets on hand.

The army's major achievement, however, was in the economic field. This was less the result of experience than sheer concentration on discipline and efficiency. Black marketeers, euphemistically called "economic insurgents," were arrested and a system of price controls and regulated profits was enforced that pushed the cost-of-living index down below its 1952 level. The State Agricultural Marketing Board, which lacked the power to sell rice without government approval, was made into an autonomous enterprise that could accept direct orders and could, therefore, operate more flexibly in export negotiations.

Directed by a colonel, the board's handling of the 1959 rice harvest was typical of the army's intelligent, efficacious style. When the crop first became available, the world market price was low and there were rumors that Chinese rice exports would drive it even lower. Faced with the dilemma of holding back and hoping for a higher price or selling quickly to cut losses, the army instead went to work, in military fashion, gathering all the available information on the market in general and Chinese export capabilities in particular. On the basis of their information, they predicted that the Chinese rice would not materialize. They were correct, and they managed to get not only a far higher price than had been anticipated but also disposed of 160,000 tons of old rice, some of which had been lying in Rangoon warehouses since 1952.

Port facilities were modernized under military direction, and the time and cost of loading were reduced. A commercial mission sent on a tour of Southeast Asia returned with the news that many customers for rice, timber, and other commodities preferred to deal with private exporters rather than cope with the bureaucratic red tape of government monopolies. Thereafter, the army gave top priority to individual traders. During the first year of the military government, about one-fourth of rice exports went through private channels.

Naturally, mistakes were made. Behaving in a blunt, soldierly fashion deficient in tact, the army failed to persuade the Japanese to increase their reparations by a desired $150 million. But in some cases, the colonels in charge were flexible enough to correct their errors. One officer, for example, canceled a plan for reclaiming 250,000 acres of land on the west coast. Civilian experts who had been working on the project put him into a helicopter, flew him out to the area, and talked him into changing his mind.

Aung Gyi's Young Men

The army's biggest economic operation by far has been the creation of a holding company that now domi-

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nates Burmese private business. Originally founded in 1952 as a nonprofit exchange to supply troops and their families, the Defense Services Institute started to branch out after the military government took power. In its strategic position as both a public authority and a private enterprise, the colonels were able to get loans and import licenses. Also, it is said, they took a "squeeze" from government contracts and foreign-trade agreements. With this capital, they developed undertakings that range from shipping and banking concerns to department stores, bus lines, hotels, lumber mills, and meat, fish, egg, and poultry wholesaling. They operate a chain of retail shops, and in partnership with a Hong Kong firm they are building a shoe factory.

The profits from these enterprises have been plowed back into the Defense Services Institute for further investment, and there has never been the slightest suggestion that Brigadier-General Aung Gyi, who heads the company, or any of his colleagues have gotten rich. They have, however, become the most important group of businessmen in the country, and there is no doubt that their efficiently run businesses have benefited Burma.

Yet the military government was not popular. After eighteen months in power, the army had tidied up Rangoon, reduced the assorted rebellions, increased agricultural and industrial production, strengthened exchange reserves, and gotten the trains to run more or less on time. But army rule also meant obedience, civic responsibilities, hard work, and, for a certain segment of the population, no political fun and games.

Many of the colonels were aware that for all their efforts, they had not succeeded in creating a popular spirit of social consciousness in the country. For fear that a return to civilian government would mean a renewal of past confusion, they wanted the military to remain in power somewhat longer. But General Ne Win had promised to withdraw, and he was intent on keeping his word. To some extent, his reasons for wanting to retire were personal. He was not well when he came to power and, unlike some politi-

cians whose illnesses often are made tolerable by public office, he was uncomfortable as prime minister. Besides, much as he trusted his subordinate officers to respect the constitution, he was also mindful that they could develop a taste for power in spite of themselves. So in April of last year, Ne Win retired, and U Nu, who had won a sweeping victory in the February general elections, returned to office.

SINCE THEN, Prime Minister U Nu has been taking his government through what might charitably be called a "period of readjustment." In fact, little has been done. Much time has been devoted, for example, to trying to make Buddhism the state religion in order to fulfill a promise U Nu made during his electoral campaign. But to effect this is difficult, since the constitution merely gives Buddhism a "special position" and recognizes other religions as well. A good deal of energy has gone into figuring out how special states can be created for the Arakanese, who live on the west coast, and the Mons, who are scattered around the country. Again, these promises of statehood seem to have popped up in campaign speeches, but it is not sure how they can now be implemented. Many of U Nu's efforts have also been centered on reorganizing his political movement, the Pyidaungsu or Union Party. At the same time, he has also been trying to win the friendship of political opponents by frequent lunches and dinners.

U Nu's present position is not unlike that of a competent juggler whose act follows a team of daredevil trapeze artists. He is manifestly unable to give the country the same dynamic performance that it had under the young colonels. Partly, this results from his temperament: he is practical, but he prefers persuasion and patient bargaining to dictatorial attempts to impose his will. To a large extent he must also deal with parliament, which was on furlough during the period of army rule. This, of course, entails the involved and complex political negotiation inherent in any parliamentary system, and it prevents rapid action.

A military reshuffle has, for the moment, strengthened U Nu's hand. The colonels who behaved with such effective teamwork when they had authority have fallen into disagreement during the past year. Called upon to mediate these divergences, General Ne Win reportedly decided in favor of Aung Gyi and his followers. Early last month, Maung Maung and eleven of his colleagues resigned. Some of them are now leaving the country as ambassadors or military attachés, and others are retiring to civilian life. Colonel Ba Than, the eloquent director of psychological warfare, is planning to become a lay missionary among the Wa tribespeople of the north.

In exchange for army support, U Nu is taking steps to raise the military-operated Defense Services Institute, with its vast business holdings, to the status of a special state organization. Parliament has created the Economic Development Corporation; it has absorbed seventeen of the army-run firms. They include such subsidiaries of the Defense Services Institute as a fisheries company, a bookstore, a plywood factory, and a hotel corporation.

THIS SHOULD HAVE salutary effects. The army's enterprises are efficient and honest, and their increasing importance will certainly benefit the country. A greater public role should also give Burma's military men a sense of responsibility and civic participation, and thereby discourage them from adventurous notions. With the army closer to him, U Nu can use his immense personal popularity for activities more constructive than obscure intramural political maneuverings. Whether this hopeful balance of civilian and military forces will actually achieve a more durable equilibrium is beyond prediction, perhaps even by U Nu's personal astrologer.

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The Politics of Pollution

WILLIAM L. RIVERS

LAST SEPTEMBER, the United States government filed a suit against St. Joseph, Missouri, the first time the Federal government has ever brought suit against a city. The suit was filed in desperation, after three years of unsuccessful attempts to persuade the city to stop polluting the Missouri River.

St. Joseph, which publicizes itself as the "Home of the Pony Express," also has some old-fashioned notions about sanitation. The city and its industries have been pouring raw sewage into the Missouri River for more than a century.

On occasion the waters south of it have become so thick that some of the hardier entrepreneurs in the area have taken to their boats and worked up a good business peddling the grease they skimmed from the surface. A Public Health Service engineer who inspected the sewage flow into the river testified that it is not safe to come in contact with the water.

The Missouri River is a boundary between Kansas and Missouri. Twenty-four miles south of St. Joseph, the city of Atchison, Kansas, takes its water supply from the polluted river. Atchison goes to extraordinary lengths to purify the water, but with limited success. An Atchison resident testified during a Public Health Service hearing: "We have grown accustomed to it, but at times . . . the chlorine content was such as to cause a serious odor and also some sickness among people in Atchison." His wife's parents had moved to town to enjoy the amenities of urban life, he said, but they were hauling their drinking water in from the farm.

Cracking Down

The U.S. Public Health Service brought health officials of Kansas and Missouri together for a conference with spokesmen for St. Joseph and eighteen of its industries in June, 1957, but little was accomplished until the Federal government pushed the Water Pollution Board of Missouri into cracking down. In 1958, St. Joseph held a bond-issue referendum for a sewage-treatment plant. The voters rejected it. A year later, the Public Health Service held a five-day public hearing that resulted in a notice to the city and the eighteen industries to stop polluting the river; they were given a schedule that was designed to get sewage-treatment facilities into operation by June, 1963.

The industries that had been polluting the water gave in at that point. When city officials rejected as inadequate their offer to contribute $1,350,000 toward construction of a plant that would serve the entire area, industry leaders got together and decided to build their own facilities. St. Joseph conducted a $9,500,000 bond-issue referendum last May. The voters rejected it again, this time more decisively, prompting a newspaper to applaud them for "pioneer independence and be damned if they aim to stand still while some bureaucrats in Washington tell them what to do." The "bureaucrats" then brought the suit against St. Joseph for failing to keep to the schedule of sewage-plant planning and construction.

The case of U.S. *v.* City of St. Joseph, which is still pending, is a small symbol of the breakdown in efforts to control wastes that endanger the health and welfare of millions. Although this is the only suit that has ever been filed under the Federal Water Pollution Control Act, the problem is so general and persuasion has accomplished so little that others are sure to follow.

St. Joseph is not the only city that has been accused of turning a river into a sewer. In fact, St. Joseph itself is the victim of the dirty habits of cities and industries farther north. The Missouri River begins in Montana and winds through the Dakotas into Iowa, reaching its first urban complex at Sioux City. There, according to Public Health Service engineers, "Floating excrement and other sewage solids were obvious, and gas bubbles from sludge deposits rose to the surface." The point where the Floyd River meets the Missouri "appeared almost clogged with untreated packing plant wastes. Where the water was not red with bloody wastes, it was gray with decomposing organic wastes. Offensive odor filled the atmosphere." At Omaha, 135 miles down the river, some of the grease passes through the plant intake, coating the walls of the concrete basins used in treating the water. Omaha's complaints, however, must be balanced against its own sewage-disposal practices: fish taken from the river below Omaha sometimes taste like kerosene, and crows ride on the patches of solid grease that flow from its packing houses.

THE MISSOURI has been described as a thousand-mile sewer, but it is no more polluted than many another U.S. waterway. Thirty thousand municipal and industrial sewers empty directly into waters that are used to supply municipal water-treatment plants. In earlier days, even sanitary engineers repeated the rhyme that justified dumping filth into water: "Dilution is the Solution to Pollution." There is reason to doubt that this ever was true, but it is certainly not true today. The purifying properties of water are being used up so rapidly by increasing quantities of new oxygen-demanding wastes that many streams and rivers barely flow. Fifty million pounds of solid sewage go into water every day.

In a Public Health Service hearing, a Louisiana farmer testified that ninety-five of his 140 cattle died from drinking the water in the creek that ran beside his ninety-acre farm. When the creek overflowed, the trees along the banks began to die, and more than sixty acres could no longer be used for pasture or for growing crops. A trapper added: "Everything has been killed in that creek, and the fur-bearing animals have done quit traveling it. There's nothing for them; not even a frog."

Poisons in Our Water

Alarmed by such incidents, Representative John D. Dingell (D., Michigan) started collecting newspaper articles and editorials about pollution. He labeled them "Poison in Your Water," numbered them, and had them printed in the Appendix of the *Congressional Record*. He

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now has nearly two hundred, many of them relating pollution to illness. No. 161 is an editorial from the Salt Lake City *Deseret News & Telegram* listing three Utah rivers as health hazards and linking them to "an alarming increase in the incidence of infectious hepatitis." No. 165 is an article in an Arkansas newspaper, in which a physician reported that all but one of thirty-four Arkansans stricken with paralytic polio resided in areas of the state that have no sewers.

No one can be certain about the full effects of water pollution on public health. Too little money and attention has gone into research, especially to studies of new industrial chemicals. Public battles are fought over fluoridation of water supplies to prevent dental cavities, but almost unnoticed is the fact that water-treatment plants nearly everywhere have to add massive doses of chemicals to drinking water so as to counteract the industrial chemicals that are polluting it. Farmers now spend nearly $300 million a year for chemicals other than fertilizers which are washed into drinking water. Experiments show that the use of insecticides can produce infertile eggs and weak chicks. When water is introduced, the insecticides are even more destructive to small game, fish, snakes, and frogs.

Former U.S. Surgeon General LeRoy Burney commented somewhat helplessly on detergents, which cause the clouds of foam that blow from treatment plants on windy days and, in some areas, form a froth on top of a glass of water that compares favorably with the head on a stein of beer. "They're not killing us," Dr. Burney said, "or making us clinically ill. But how does the human body react to steady doses of diluted chemicals? What happens if the concentration increases, either suddenly or gradually? We cannot say we know the answers."

Those who are most disturbed about water pollution emphasize a scarcity of water. The Senate Select Committee on National Water Resources reported in January that the latest estimates of water supply and demand indicate that conversion of salt water may be essential by 1970. Five Federal demonstration plants are being constructed, but the costs of desalinization are still too great by current rate standards, and transportation of desalted water to inland cities will increase these costs. Representative John A. Blatnik (D., Minnesota) states, "The control of pollution is a key aspect of the entire water resource problem."

CLEANING the nation's water is a political challenge that arouses implacable resistance. St. Joseph was taken to court only after many conferences, warnings, and a hearing. Throughout the hearing, a transcript of which ran to 426 pages, the city's attorney spoke of the "alleged" pollution despite clear evidence that untreated sewage from eighty thousand people was being dumped into the river every day.

Much of the foot dragging by municipalities can be explained by an axiom of local politics: building a water-treatment plant to clean up the water used by voting citizens is almost always easy to accomplish; however, a sewage plant that will

treat a community's wastes benefits only the neighboring communities downstream. A Public Health Service official says that he detects a slow change in this selfish attitude, in part because of the growing popularity of water sports, which need clean water, in part because "almost all cities are downstream from at least one other city."

In contrast, the resistance of industry to enforcement actions is growing, even though many manufacturing plants cannot use polluted waters. By 1980, industry will need nearly twice as much water as agriculture and all municipalities combined. And the nation's industries are by far the worst polluters, dumping twice as much waste as the municipalities.

Spokesmen for industry do not deny that industrial pollution is a critical problem, but they claim that their research program will lead to improvement. Leonard Pasek, an executive of Kimberly-Clark Corporation, told a Senate committee that the National Council for Stream Improvement, which is financed primarily by pulp and paper companies, has a research budget of several million dollars a year. In many cases, competitive pricing makes the cost of building sewage-treatment plants prohibitive. An executive of a plant that produces soda ash said during a Public Health Service conference that forcing his company to install treatment facilities would drive production costs so high that his plant would close down because it would be unable to compete with the other nine soda-ash producers.

Cleanup vs. Industry

Since the Federal Water Pollution Control Act restricts the authority of the Public Health Service to pollution that flows past state lines, most of the work of pollution abatement is left to the states. Many states are so solicitous of their industries and so eager to obtain new plants that pollution controls are weak. In arid West Texas, oil drillers dump brine into shallow earthen pits, where it seeps into the ground water or is washed into streams with the first rain. Often, drillers go on to seek their fortunes elsewhere when they fail to strike oil, leaving unsealed holes that permit subterranean salt water to seep into ground-water strata or into surface waters. One of the 112 oil companies in West Texas dumped four thousand barrels of salt water into a single stream every day for months.

Early in January, E. V. Spence, general manager of the Colorado River Municipal Water District, pleaded for legislative action at a meeting in Texas of the Governor's Water Coordinating Committee. Governor Price Daniel pointed out that laws prohibiting oil drillers from polluting the state's water and requiring that wells be plugged have been on the books for twenty-five years. It is a fact, however, that the Texas Railroad Commission, which is charged with controlling oil-industry pollution, spent nothing on control last year and very little during the past ten years.

Keeping pollution control at the state level has long been a goal of those fighting effective cleanup. The lobbyists were able to defeat meaningful national legislation until 1948,

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when the late Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio, who had long held that a Federal act to control pollution was unconstitutional, changed his mind and helped push the bill for a Federal Water Pollution Control Act through the Senate (and the Public Health Service's Robert A. Taft Sanitary Engineering Center was established in Cincinnati). Even with Taft's help, the Eightieth Congress had a harder time passing the pollution act than any other health bill. As it turned out, industry's fear of a Federally enforced cleanup was unfounded. According to the 1948 act, there had to be an agreement between the state where the pollution originated and the state that brought the complaint. There has been only one agreement.

THE 1948 ACT did, however, permit strong interstate compacts. The Ohio River Valley Water Sanitation Commission was formed under this provision, with the expressed determination that communities and industries would undertake to clean up—"by persuasion where possible and by compulsion where necessary." Last year, the eight states in the compact—Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and West Virginia—announced that most of the communities and many of the industries in the drainage area have adequate installations. But 225 industries still have not met the basic control requirements that were established six years ago, and a sanitary-engineering specialist says that after nearly thirteen years the compact has not accomplished its purpose: cleaning up the Ohio River.

In 1956, three days before the act was to expire, Congress passed an amended version providing $50 million a year in Federal matching grants for building community sewage facilities. The National Association of Manufacturers opposed that provision and another calling for stronger enforcement of pollution abatement. According to expert estimates, industry was then dumping into the water every day untreated wastes equal to the sewage created by 110 million people, but the N.A.M. held that "State and local governing bodies are competent to handle pollution abatement and stream improvement . . . much more will be accomplished by co-operation than by compulsion." Despite this, both houses approved the conference bill. President Eisenhower said it went beyond his recommendations, but he signed it.

In 1959, in the face of Congressman Blatnik's estimates that the Federal grant program had stimulated municipalities to spend more than half a billion dollars for sewage-treatment facilities, President Eisenhower asked that the grants be reduced and that the states take over the program altogether after 1960. Both the House and the Senate, however, passed even stronger bills, then postponed the conference-committee meeting so as to prevent the President from killing the bill with a pocket veto after Congress had adjourned. When the conference committee met after the beginning of the 1960 session, it reached a quick compromise. Mr. Eisenhower vetoed it.

In his message, the President called polluted water "a uniquely local blight," then announced, paradoxically, that he had asked the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare to call a National Conference on Water Pollution. In the steering-committee sessions where the broad outlines of the national conference were planned, N.A.M. representatives tried to convince the other committee members that the conference should be devoted to success stories of municipalities and industries that had solved their problems. That was squelched, and a subcommittee was appointed to formulate conference objectives. According to one of the members, N.A.M. spokesmen "flew into rages." Daniel Cannon, an N.A.M. executive, later wrote to every member of the steering committee to protest the creation of a subcommittee that would formulate a "manifesto."

On the last day of the National Conference on Water Pollution, the same Mr. Cannon pressed for a recommendation that the nation's waterways should be only "as clean as is economically feasible." There were no votes on recommendations, but an "informal" vote was taken on whether the Federal government should be allowed to enforce pollution abatement not just on interstate waters but on all navigable waters of the United States. Many of the delegates had already left the conference, but some had been prepared for the "informal" vote and rose in full strength to oppose the extension of Federal authority.

THE FIGHT in Congress this year will be primarily on this issue. By extension of Federal authority to enforce pollution abatement to all navigable waters, almost every waterway in the United States would be brought under Federal protection. Mr. Blatnik, the House leader on water-pollution legislation, has introduced a bill to accomplish it. President Kennedy was not explicit about his own views on this question in his message to Congress on natural resources, but he called for legislation to "strengthen enforcement procedures to abate serious pollution situations of national significance," pointing out that "pollution of our country's rivers and streams has . . . reached alarming proportions." Noting that a national total of $350 million will be spent this year on municipal waste-treatment works, Mr. Kennedy said that an expenditure of $600 million a year is necessary, and he asked Congress to increase the amount of Federal assistance to municipalities.

A key man in the Congressional decision will be Senator Robert Kerr of Oklahoma, who was chairman of the Senate Select Committee on National Water Resources and who is now chairman of the Senate River and Harbors subcommittee, which will handle Senate legislation. His book *Land, Wood and Water* makes this plea for preserving the nation's waters: "Unless we do combat the menace of pollution, it will be like storing our precious waters in a garbage can." But there are some who doubt that Senator Kerr means business. They point out that his own Kerr-McGee Oil Company has been fined by Louisiana for polluting the waters of Bay Gardene and Chandeleur Island.

In January, Senator Kerr introduced his bill for amending the Pollution Control Act. It called for $75 million a year in Federal grants —$15 million less than the bill Mr. Eisenhower vetoed—and said nothing whatever about Federal enforcement.

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A Short Story

May-ry

HORTENSE CALISHER

My father, born in Richmond about the time Grant took it, was a Southerner therefore, but a very kind man. All of us—children of his sixties, with abolitionist consciences—knew that. The limits of his malice extended to flies, and to people who hit children or mistreated the helpless anywhere. His pocket was always to be picked by any applicant, and no matter how many times my mother, much more of a grenadier, pointed out where they did him in, he remained the softest touch in the world.

His manners were persistently tender to everyone, and perhaps because he looked and dressed somewhat like Mark Twain and shared a small, redeeming slice of Twain's humor, nobody ever seemed to find this saccharine. He was, for instance, the only person I ever knew who could chuck a carriage baby under its chin and goo at it—"Coo-chee-coo!"—without making anybody gag at the sight, or doubt for one minute that it was done out of pure spontaneity and love. Yes, he was the kindest man in the world. Yet, when the time came, it was my father who was purely unkind to our colored maid Mary—May-ry.

May-ry, who must have been about thirty at the time I speak of, was no old family retainer; she had come to work for us, her first job in New York, through an ad in the *Times* ten years back, when I was very little. Even then, our family had already been forty years away from the South. But my father's memories of the first twenty years of his youth there were deep and final. At bedtime he would often tell us of Awnt Nell, the mammy who had brought him up, although he never mentioned her in public—"too many Southern colonels around already." Awnt Nell had been a freedwoman; even before the War our grandmother, his mother, would never have servants of any other description. He was so firmly proud of this that when I found, flattened away in the old Richmond Bible, a receipt made out to my grandfather for insurance on a slave, I slipped it back and never taxed him with it.

In any case, all that our tradition had boiled down to was my father's insistence that my mother always keep colored help. This was hard on her, since, being German, she could never quite manage or understand them. She had an inflexibly either-or attitude toward trust, plus a certain jealousy of other people's hardships, that made her stiff with those who had more of them. Also, without any reason to be, she was always a bit afraid of May-ry, referring to her whenever she could as *"Die Schwarze."* My father did not like this, and often caught her up on it. And nobody, at any time, ever said "nigger" in our house.

Meanwhile, May-ry and my father kept up their special allegiances. There were of course a thousand ways in which he knew the life she had come from, and she "knew" us. Whenever he could be heard embarking on one of the ritually flamboyant regional anecdotes that my mother couldn't bear, May-ry usually was to be seen edging closer to the company, only as decorous as a uniform could make her, her mouth drawn out like a tulip ready to burst at the familiar denouement—which brought shriek after shriek of her released laughter, followed, under my mother's glance, by a quick retirement. But she and my father also shared more particular sympathy, or professed to, over the rheumatism. As a young man, he had had to take an eighteen-week cure for his at Mount Clemens Spa, and like many diseases contracted early, it had kept him youthful, healthy, and appreciated; on a dull day a loud twinge of it would suddenly announce itself to the house—and to his best audience.

May-ry's rheumatism was of another sort. It was her euphemism for the fact that, periodically, she drank. Whenever she felt a long attack coming on, about every four months or so, she always absented herself from our house on a short trip to Roanoke, where she could lay up in the sun a little. We all were aware of the probable truth—that she was holing up in Harlem with one or the other of the people she had originally come up here with in the wake of the preacher who had brought them all North together. My father knew she drank, and she knew that he knew, but the fiction of Roanoke was always maintained. She was a child—and he loved all children. Just so long as she kept herself seemly in front of him (and she never did anything else), she was only doing what was expected of her, and he the same. "What you recommend

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I do for *my* rheumatiz, May-ry?" he might sometimes tease, but this was as far as he ever went.

Once a year, on her paid vacation, May-ry did go to Roanoke. We knew this because just before she was due back, a case of jars of home-canned peaches always arrived. She liked to use them during the year and tell us something about the farm as each jar was opened; these were her anecdotes, and I knew all of the characters in them, from Mooma and Daddy Gobbo down to the cow that always stood with its head over the gate, like a cow in a primer. On rheumatism vacations no jars ever came; only, of a sudden, there would be May-ry back again, scrubbing at the moldings as if these had to be whitened like her sins, cooking up for my father everything she could sink in the brown butter he adored. Between these times, once in a while she failed to come back from her Thursday night off until Monday; when she returned, it would not be she who had been sick, but one of the friends "over on One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street." But someone else there always had to phone for her, so we knew. On these occasions my mother would be furious. She wanted a German girl whose docile allegiance would be to her, whose ins and outs she would know the way my father knew May-ry's. Patiently, he would explain these to her. "They're children, that's all. They can't stand up to us. Never have been able to. Never will. But if you just give them their head a little, they're the best servants in the world. And the loyalest."

THEN CAME SOMUS. May-ry had always been allowed to entertain her many suitors, evenings and Sundays if she wished, in our kitchen, Father sometimes stopping in to chat with them, to let them know on what terms they were welcome, to have a little Southern cracker-barrel time—and to see that they were the right sort for May-ry. With Somus, this all vanished. Somus was the son of that same preacher of the Abyssinian Church of God who had brought May-ry up here, and he was the real reason (besides us, she said) why she had never married; she'd been in love with him, hopelessly until now, ever since they'd spatted mud pies together down home. Somus had quarreled with his own father almost from the moment they all came up here and had been away studying for a long time. Now he was here to take his civil-service examinations.

Somus turned out to be just as handsome as she'd said he was. Rebel from the church he might be, but I could never see him, black in his black suit, without thinking biblically, things like "the ram of God" and "His nose is as the tower of Lebanon that looketh forth toward Damascus." There was not an inch of ornament upon him, beyond the strict ivory of his teeth, the white glare of his eye. Not that I saw much of him. When Somus took May-ry out, he did just that, took her *out*, never sat in our kitchen or ate in it; later on we knew that she'd had a bad time getting him to ring at the back door.

Somus. Why he loved May-ry was not hard to tell, quite apart from the fact that she too was handsome, with a shapely mouth, a sweet breadth of brow and eye. She drank —and he didn't approve of that. She dressed high and loud, not even in the New York way but in the bandanna bush colors that antedated Roanoke—and he was forever trying to get her to imitate that sister of his who wore navy blue with round organdy collars. She liked to dance at the Club Savoy—and it pained Somus to find himself still that good at it. Worst of all, she was the staunchest and most literal of Bible beaters, and to an emancipated man, this opium of his people must have been as the devil. So, all told, love between them was foreordained.

She adored him, of course. He was just like his father, strong, dour, and, like many ministers' sons before him, with the genes of faith coming up in him just as hot and strong in other ways—in the very form of his unbelief.

I REMEMBER just when the trouble came. It could have been the red spring dress that sparked it. "Kah-whew!" I said, when she showed it to me. It was almost purple, and still trying. "Never get to heaven in that!" Heaven was a great topic between us. "Besides, it'll run."

"Sho' will." She stuck out her chin, pushing her smile almost up to her nose, her nostrils taking deep draughts of the dress, as if it, all by itself, were perfume. "And me with it. All the way."

"May-ry, tell us about heaven." It was a dull day.

Always willing, she answered me, explicit as if it were Roanoke, as if we had just opened the largest peach jar of all. It was a nice fleshly style of heaven but not rowdy; a touch of the Savoy maybe, but enough pasture for the cow. Triumphant, in the red dress, she entered it.

"Where's Somus? Isn't he there? Where he gonna be?" In these exchanges, exactly like my father, I used to fall into her language.

She cast her head down, furred up her brows under a forehead as smooth as a melon. "He be there," she said after a while, in a low voice. Pushing out her chin again, she asserted it. "You just wait and see. He be!" And in the same moment she whirled around and caught me at the icebox, my hand in the evening dessert. Washing my hand at the tap, she warned me, "You go on like you been doing, you gonna come to no good end."

"If I do—how'm I gonna be up *there*, to see *him*!" She and I loved to crow at each other that way, to cap each other's smart remarks, in the silly sequiturs of childhood. But this day, something else teased at me to tease her. It wasn't my own unbelief; that had already been around for some time. But in other ways I could feel how I was going on, and I didn't like it either. I was growing out of my childhood. Maybe, like somebody else, I envied her the perfection of hers.

"Listen, May-ry," I said, squinting. "Suppose . . . when you get there . . . it isn't at all like you said it was. Suppose they don't let you sashay around in any red dress—suppose they just hump you over your Bible in a plain old white one. No music either, except maybe a harp. Oh, *May-ry*—what the Sam Hill you gonna do if they give you a harp?"

Once more, she considered. The dignity with which she mulled my cheap dialectic already smote me. She raised up and looked at me. "Then I *wears* my white dress, and I *plays* my harp," she said, her lip

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trembling, "and I praises the Lord God."

I ran and kissed her. "You'll look just as beautiful, I bet. You'll look pyorely beautiful, pretty as pie."

"You hush," she said, sharp and starched. "Stop that talking like a nigger, you hear?" Yes, I forgot to mention that. She was the only one who ever said it in our house.

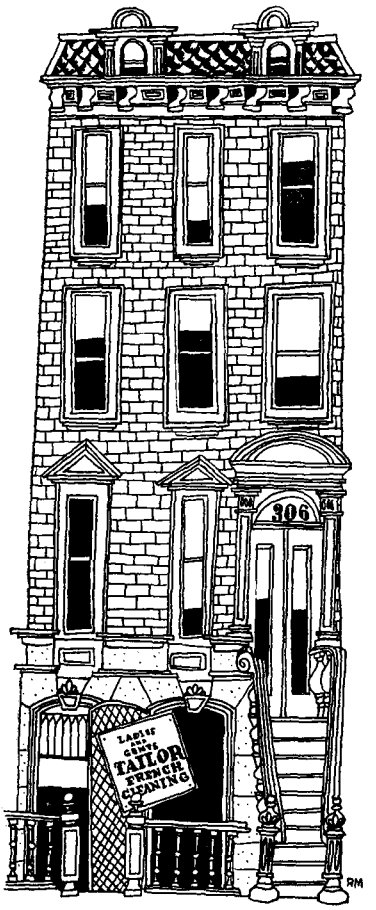
The next night, Thursday, Somus came to call for her. I was peeping, to see her in the dress, and that was the last time I saw him. Ram of God again, height six cubits and a span. May-ry looked beautiful. But in about an hour she came back alone, then went out again. I was the only one who saw her. We had the phone call the next morning, one of the several voices never identified but familiar. May-ry's Mooma was taken bad. May-ry was already on her way down there.

THE SATURDAY AFTERNOON she returned, nine days later, my mother was out, as May-ry had known she would be. I heard May-ry's voice, talking low to my father, in the parlor. Usually the sight of the place, left to the mercies of the day cleaners from the agencies, would enrage her at once, emboldening her enough to fling off her good clothes for her cleaning smock, bind up her hair, and set to work, meeting no one's eye and loudly scolding the air. But this time, I could see by peeping that she was sitting in the stiffest chair and had not even removed her gloves.

"No, Mr. Joe," she was saying, nervously holding onto her pocketbook. "No, suh—no." No. She had to leave us. Somus say he wouldn't marry her unless she did.

I heard my father remonstrate with her, as he always called it. This meant that he was using the same comfort voice that he used on us when delegated by Mother to punish us, the voice with which he helped us toward the first stage of being good again, by mending the *amour-propre* that we ourselves had injured in being bad.

It was all right, he was saying. Why, it was going to be all right! Whoever expected a girl like her to stay single? Especially when she was being spoken for by a fine boy like Somus. But what was all the fuss about? Mustn't she know that all along we had expected it—that some day or other she was going to want to get married and live out? He put his hands on his spread knees and leaned back, shaking his speckled ruff of hair at her. "Lord, what you women won't do to get a little torment." This too was part of



the comfort, to put the offense as quickly as possible in the realm of human nature.

She didn't answer him, although she opened and closed her mouth several times.

"I see," he said after a while, biting at his mustache, "Somus doesn't want you to work at all."

Oh nossuh, it wasn't that. She was able to say this clearly; then she fell to mumbling, her head all the way down. Then she was silent again. He had a hard time getting it out of her. It wasn't that, she said at last. She and Somus would surely have to count on her doing day work. But Somus say what the use of her being up North if she work for *home* folks? Somus say she won't really *be* up North until she stop working for people from home.

And now my father really was nonplused at first, then angry enough to stomp around the room. "Why, good God in heaven, girl!" (This was just what he always said to me at such times.) What in the name of the Lord had got her into such monkeyshines? Was she going to let that boy sell her down the river? Who was going to treat her better than us—not to mention pay! Didn't she know right well, from talking to the other maids on the roof when she hung out the washing, how some people treated colored folks up here?

Yes, she knew. She said it in a voice like the Victrola's when something was wrong with its insides, her head hanging down. She didn't expect to be as well off, she said. And she would never forget his kindness—us. But Somus.

SO AT LAST my father played trumps. He was standing over her by this time, looking down. "Day job or not, you're going to want some kind of steady *family* people, aren't you?" He said "ain't you" really, or close to it. "Don't tell me he wants to make you into one of those pitiful agency creatures working from dawn to dusk, getting somebody else's piled-up dirt every day!"

No suh. For the first time, she looked at the moldings.

"Then—" he said, and hesitated. "Now then, May-ry—" His voice dropped to a conspirator's. He rubbed the red spot left on his nose by his pince-nez, as always when he was embarrassed. "Now then, May-ry, what about . . . what about Roanoke? You know you got to go there, times you get laid up. You know right well not everybody going to give you the time off we do."

Yes, Mr. Joe. She whispered it. And this was the point at which she stood up, stopped her hands from their fooling with each other, and looked straight ahead of her, as if she were going to speak a piece, or were attending a wedding. "Somus say I got to have that out with you too." She spoke quietly, but she could not look at him. "I never did go there but once a year, on my vacation. And you all knowed it."

He actually put up a hand to ward her off. "Now, now don't you go and say anything foolish, girl. No need

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to do what you might regret later on."

"It's true," she said. Even her accent had shifted, hardening toward something like Somus's—who, by some steady effort, had almost none. "I get drunk." Then she turned gray, and started to shiver.

My father stepped back, and he too changed color. It was almost as if she had touched him.

Then a most peculiar scene took place. My father positively refused to consider, to treat, to discuss, to *tolerate* a hint of what she wanted to tell him and he knew as well as she did. That she'd been lying all these years and wanted the dear privilege of saying so. And she followed him around the room in circles after him, snuffling her "Mr. Joe" at him, all the time growing more halfhearted, confused—ever so often looking over her shoulder to see if Somus, that tower of strength, mightn't have appeared there. But he hadn't. He'd told her what she must do, and left her to it. He was a stern man, Somus, and a smart one—and he understood my father right down to the ground.

Finally, she stopped in the middle of the room and screamed it, exactly like a baby repudiating the universe, her face all maw. "I never was down there but once a year, and you know it. I was getting drunk over on One Hun' Twenny-ninth Street. And you know it, and you know it." Rocking back and forth, she beat her foot on the ground. "I'm going there now. And I'm not coming back." But by this time she was crying like a baby too.

When my father took her to the back elevator, she was still weeping. "Now, now, we'll just forget everything you said," he said. "We'll just forget this whole afternoon. Why, getting married is a serious thing, girl—no wonder you all upset." His voice took on the dreaminess with which he told us our good-nights. "Hush now, hush. You just have yourself a good rest down there in Roanoke." By the time he rang the bell for her, she was already nodding.

When the elevator door opened, she turned back to him. "I'd ruther . . . ruther—" But then she choked up again, and we never did hear what.

"Hush now," he said, patting her into the elevator. "And when you come back . . . it'll be just like always, hear? Meantime, you send us up some of those peach jars." As the door closed, she was still nodding.

IN THE SUCCEEDING WEEKS, my mother and father kept a bet on. "You'll see," he'd say, even after the time had long since stretched beyond what May-ry had ever been away before. "She'll have her jobs—and she'll lose them. Nobody up here's going to appreciate enough what she does do—and what she can't. And she knows it, she knows it." It was almost as if he were echoing May-ry, in a way. Other times, he just worried it aloud. He loved taking care of people. "Who's going to take care of her like us?"

Then one morning, the box of jars came—the herald. But when the box was opened, the jars were found to be of grape—grape conserve. Now, grapes were all over the shops right here, at the time—it was October. "Idiots," said my father. "What was the address on the outer wrapping?" But it had already gone down the dumbwaiter with the trash. I think my mother knew, but she never said. She was never much for children really. Except for my father. And after that he submitted, and spoke no more of colored help, or of May-ry. He'd known well enough what the box meant, of course, same as I did. It meant pure spontaneity, and love.

Later on, years later when I was teaching in college, there was a girl who looked so much like May-ry—her eyes and that brow—that I had all I could do not to go up and speak to her, ask her who was her mother. Of course I couldn't. How could I be sure, these days, of terms that would be pleasing to her? I couldn't assume, any more, that she would want to know us. Besides, I never knew May-ry's last name—or Somus's. My father may have, or may not. That was the way it was, in those days. So I'll never know for sure, or whether by now May-ry has been emancipated all the way to heaven. If so, I hope she has the dress she wants, and maybe even a little snifter after dinner. People should be able to get freed without having to be perfect for it beforehand. Maybe even Somus knows that now. I'm even big-hearted enough to hope that he's with her, either here or there, and has been all along. She'd never be happy without him, so he must be. For if anything had gone wrong, she'd always know whom to come to. And it's been a long time. It's been thirty years now, and she hasn't come back yet.

Three Hours in Hell

MICHAEL ROEMER

AMERICANS will soon have an opportunity to see Federico Fellini's *La Dolce Vita,* the most widely discussed and one of the most successful European films in recent years. The extraordinary drawing power that this three-hour-long picture has had for audiences all over Europe cannot be attributed simply to the aura of scandal that has enveloped it. While the scenes of Roman high life involve many incidents of physical love, far more salacious pictures have not met with the same success at the box office.

The film consists of twelve episodes, connected only by a common theme and by the presence in each one of them of a Roman society journalist, Marcello, who lives on the very people he despises and who becomes, in the end, one of them.

A rich girl in search of a new sensation suggests to Marcello that they pick up a prostitute and rent her bed for the night. His fiancée, Emma, wants him to settle down to a normal family life, despairs, and tries to commit suicide. He escorts Sylvia, movie star and international sex symbol, through the Vatican and through the obscene carnival of publicity and night-clubbing attendant upon her arrival in Rome. He covers a "miracle" for his paper: two conniving children lead

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 29

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 192 178 197 20 A long bounding stride.

B. 32 213 78 97 57 204 113 162 Bearlike.

C. 29 194 180 111 41 108 6 150 199 129 38 "____ et donna ferentis." Virgil, "Aeneid," (5,6)

D. 13 215 164 167 156 25
Filter-bed material.

E. 176 2 106 36 218
A body separated by decomposition from another.

F. 99 201 76 148 185 118 52
"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note, As his corse to the____we hurried." Charles Wolfe, "The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna."

G. 122 34 16 90 8 104 174 127 208 70
A juggler or his trick. (5–5)

H. 120 4 158 210 22 190 169 62 136 183
A gentle, easy gait of a horse. (4,6)

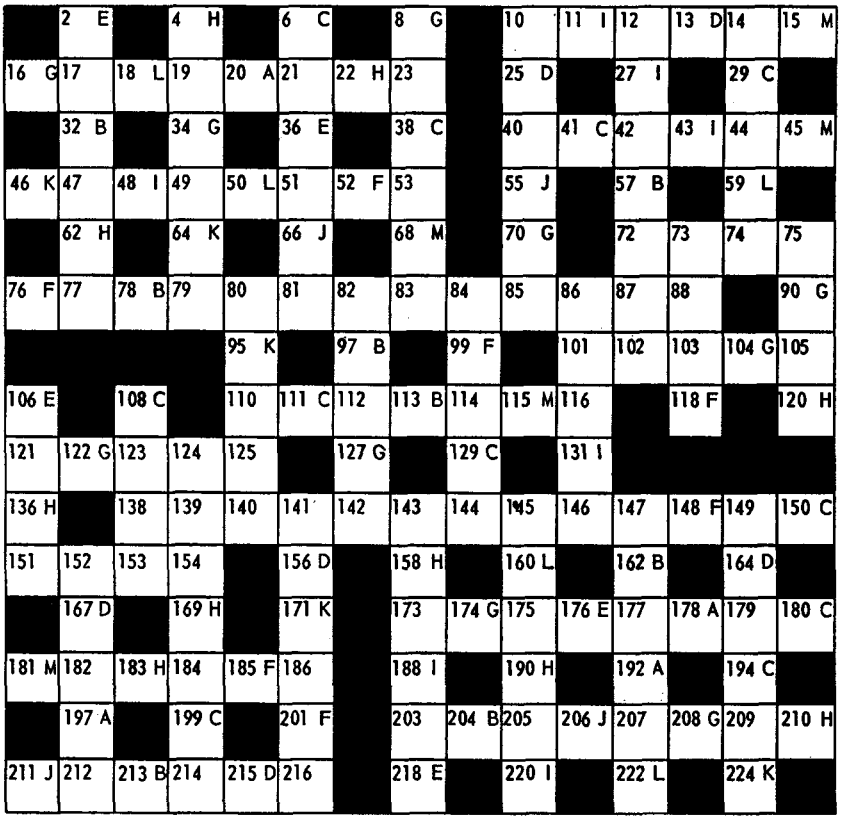
I. 27 48 43 188 11 220 131
The four points at which the moon is 45 degrees from conjunction with or opposition to the sun.

J. 66 55 206 211 To put off or take off.

K. 171 95 46 64 224
"Righteousness shall go before him: and he shall direct his____in the way." Book of Common Prayer.

L. 160 18 50 59 222
To force or detain a ship in an inlet of water.

M. 45 68 115 181 15
"Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears/And____the thin-spun life." Milton, "Lycidas."



Across

10. Measures of chines.
16. Concern of Acrostician.
40. Moths swallow a point for periods of time.
46. Part of a fork surrounds a Caribbean island! Hatch (a plot?).
72. Foot of William Bennet?
76. Best timing of tea is superlatively suitable. (4,9)
101. Harvests pears.
110. The first Plantagenet is high, I hear, in Rye. (5,2)
121. The Nato command is heard in proper form.
138. A thin flan with 121 Across may be a brilliant failure. (5,2,3,3)
151. Statistics in an agenda taken seriously.
173. Nepotism, one may find, is a musical form when sin is removed. (4,4)
181. Did the sailor sunburn in a Scottish pattern?
203. One opposed located! Mix up!
211. Loudly Flynn goes to a Spanish town.

Down

2. Is Don out? Treat him.
4. Number Richard III offered his kingdom for?
6. Arches are about a rotter.
8. Elsie's flower is meadow saxifrage.
10. Deepest in the majority?
12. Constrain a fine non-commissioned officer.
14. The morning in an Israeli camp.
73. As (1,3) a fish; as (4) a gelatine.
75. Hubs in exhaust? That's no car!
80. Oh, Abe! It's the poorest tea.
82. A bird when loud is followed by one of 10 Across.
84. Not up about a small railway in a North Carolina city.
86. People noted for temper when it is up.
106. Employed in applause devices.
108. A British penny behind? It's crazy!
124. Of the sole of a plantation owner?
141. Notable fish in South America.
143. Whole, but with finesse, of course.
145. A tent holds an occupant.
147. Use my pole.
149. The gang that is growing older. (Br. sp.)
152. Wide open Greek love.

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a crowd of the sick and crippled through a rain-swept plain under the arc lights of a television crew that is hoping to capture the Virgin with its cameras. Marcello's friend Steiner, a cultured man who seems to have everything, takes his own life after killing his children. Marcello's father comes to town and takes him to an old-fashioned night club. Father and son have nothing to say to each other and part again when the old man realizes that he is too weary to follow through on the overtures he has made to one of the dancers. Marcello and a party of aristocrats explore a deserted Renaissance castle and pair off at random in the dark rooms. Next morning, their host leads them to Mass at the estate chapel. In the final episode, Marcello and his friends meet at the elegant home of a movie producer to celebrate the divorce of one of the women. She performs a strip tease in honor of her new freedom. As the sun rises, the party drifts out to the beach to watch a crew of fishermen pull ashore a huge ray that looks upon the revelers in their chic clothes with a cold, dead eye. Marcello is offered a last if foredoomed opportunity to redeem his life when a simple young girl, whom he has met casually, appears on the beach and beckons to him across a stretch of water. But he follows the others back to their cars—bound, undoubtedly, for another round of parties.

Episode after episode describes with an almost monotonous insistence the spiritual bankruptcy of Roman society. Here are people, many of them young and all of them with the world at their disposal, who are overwhelmed by the emptiness around and within themselves. They sleep through the day and live frantically at night—using their senses like drugs to give themselves the illusion that they are alive. They believe in nothing, not even in their own pleasure, which is without love, joy, or meaning. They are incapable of normal relationships or feelings. They are brutal, blind, swinish. And Fellini has given them no way out: there is no exit from their hell.

IT WOULD NOT have been at all surprising if European audiences had rejected this image of life—or accepted it only as a description of the decadent rich. But they did not reject it. They were compelled by it. For *La Dolce Vita* is far more than a critique of Roman society; implicit in the film is the suggestion that if most of us had money, and therefore time, we too would stand face to face with the unresolved emptiness in which we live; that it is only the strait jacket of the daily struggle that saves many of us from a continuous experience of chaos.

Spiritual bankruptcy, long a familiar theme in modern literature, is

far rarer in a medium that by necessity has been preoccupied with the happier aspects of life. But Fellini has twice before—in *La Strada* and *Vitelloni*—touched upon the theme. *La Dolce Vita* is clearly his most inclusive statement of it as well as his most ambitious work to date.

The film is composed on a grand scale. Whereas Fellini's earlier pictures were carefully limited studies of a few lives, he has now enlarged his frame to include an entire society. The opening shots establish his approach: a huge statue of Christ with arms outstretched in blessing is flown across Rome suspended from a helicopter. Shot in CinemaScope, which in itself precludes intimacy, the action unfolds in a series of big scenes that are less concerned with individuals than with crowds. Fellini has staged these scenes with a masterful sense of movement that lends visual interest to long conversation sequences and endows the ugliest moments with a kind of grace; for even when they have lost everything else, these people retain their good looks and their animal grace. At times their motions are almost transmuted into dance, and the ugliest orgy is staged with so much feeling for the movement of both actors and camera that it becomes a scene of visual splendor.

This is not to say that the film is abstract. Fellini is a direct heir of the neorealist tradition, and there is hardly a moment that one would reject as unreal or improbable. His attention to detail even in a sequence of crowd scenes is prodigious, and his sense for place, time, and mood endows every situation with reality.

Few directors can match his psychological insight or his knowledge of the human face. Whether the scene is a night club or a religious procession, there is a striking accuracy about the actors and extras who people it. Performers who are familiar to us from other pictures seem suddenly to have taken on a new dimension, to be living their roles instead of acting them. Beyond eliciting finer performances, Fellini explores and exploits with great skill qualities that already exist in his cast. Not that his actors are simply playing themselves or "walking" through their parts. Even when they are type-cast, like Anita Ekberg as the movie star Sylvia, there is a tension and vitality in their performance that is missing in much of the neorealist cinema. In his approach to the medium, Fellini consistently avoids the flatness and dullness that have marred many Italian pictures since *Open City, Paisan,* and *The Bicycle Thief.* His work is always animated by strong feelings and a precise eye.

LIKE many European directors, Fellini plays the major part in conceiving and writing his films. It is in this capacity that he betrays a weakness—a weakness which Fellini the director can always smooth over and sometimes remedy, but which often flaws his work at the core.

The execution of *La Strada* was consistently brilliant, and yet one was never quite sure whether this tale of a retarded girl, a brutish man, and a poetic clown was intended as a realistic story or as some kind of

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allegory. It strayed back and forth between them and left one alternately moved and confused. *Cabiria,* the adventures of a naïve, kind-hearted prostitute who tries to find a meaning in her life, was beautifully directed and full of magnificent moments. But it triumphed over a script that was an oversimplified and sometimes banal vision of life. It is as if Fellini the writer permitted a certain looseness to penetrate the conception of his films that Fellini the director would never tolerate in their execution. Only *Vitelloni,* a simple story about a group of idle young men in the provinces, seems totally consistent and successful.

For *La Dolce Vita* too is flawed in its conception and structure. No law prescribes that a film cannot consist of a series of episodes with a common theme, which is stated clearly at the beginning and restated—as in certain musical forms—in episode after episode. But while one is willing to dispense with a conventional plot, one expects—especially in a film of such length—some deepening of experience, some growth in understanding.

Usually this is achieved by involving us deeply in the fate of one or more people. But the very breadth of *La Dolce Vita* makes such an involvement impossible. Fellini himself is concerned with a large canvas, not with individuals. Even Marcello, who carries the bare thread of a development, is not conceived with any psychological continuity. Much of the time we do not know what he thinks or feels. We are far more familiar with some of the minor characters in which the film abounds. Fellini is highly successful in rendering the forlorn and half-comic pathos of a homosexual, tripping beside Marcello into the dawn. But the hearts of Maddalena, who keeps throwing herself away, of Steiner, who commits suicide, and of Marcello himself remain shrouded in vagueness.

By choosing an epic approach, Fellini sacrifices much of the incisiveness that marked his earlier work. There are moments in which the horror of these lives is caught and communicated: a woman who has just spent the night with Marcello casually introduces him to her grown-up son; a party of intellectuals who have lost all touch with nature listen to a tape recording of wind and rain in a richly appointed apartment; the movie star Sylvia, who signifies love to millions, can give her own affection only to a stray kitten in a dark Roman street. But these moments are few and far between. Most of the time incisiveness and depth of feeling have been sacrificed to broad and impressive surfaces. They are exciting to watch but they have no dimension. It is almost as if the film were entirely composed of background: a magnificent setting for a story—without a story.

IT MAY NOT seem fair to be so critical of a film which, in spite of its flaws, is so much better than most. Yet it is precisely because Fellini is one of the finest directors working in the medium today that one wishes the conception of his film had been as masterful as its execution.

The international reputation of *La Dolce Vita,* its unflagging visual appeal, and Fellini's urgent feeling for life should guarantee it a large audience in the United States. It will be interesting to see how Americans will react to this dark image of life in our time.

Not Yet Another Melba

ROLAND GELATT

TWO YEARS AGO an alarming void seemed to threaten the world of opera. Maria Callas had withdrawn into an uneasy semi-retirement and devotees of singing looked out upon a bleak and lusterless world—a world without a single active coloratura soprano of the first rank, a future with no *Norma* or *Lucia* or *Sonnambula* in prospect. The vacuum cried out to be filled, and the call was answered by a robust young soprano from Australia named Joan Sutherland. Today, it is safe to say, she is the world's most talked-about singer.

Miss Sutherland is tall, large-boned, and square-jawed, almost defiantly British in physiognomy. She does not radiate vivacious charm or cast a spell of magnetic intensity. She is

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decidely unexotic. But she can sing. At her New York debut this February, in a concert performance of Bellini's *Beatrice di Tenda* sponsored by the American Opera Society, the evening ended in delirious enthusiasm. Miss Sutherland had rouladed up and down chromatic passages with brilliant ease, she had produced E flats *in altissimo* with bountiful power and sweetness of tone, her portamentos were graceful, her phrases were unbroken, her pitch almost invariably certain. In every important respect the singer had lived up to expectations.

The expectations stemmed not only from reports of performances abroad but from a set of records entitled "The Art of the Prima Donna," in which Miss Sutherland negotiates a variety of arias associated with sixteen reputed divas of the remote and recent past. The sheer diversity of repertoire in this compilation is awesome. Miss Sutherland hops from Handel ("Let the bright seraphim") to Mozart (*"Martern aller Arten"*), from acrobatic Rossini (the *Semiramide "Bel raggio"*) to meditative Verdi (the *Otello* "Willow Song"), from forgotten Arne to neglected Meyerbeer. That any one singer should be able to clear so many different technical hurdles unscathed is itself most remarkable. And Miss Sutherland does more than merely hit the proper notes and observe the indicated time values. She shows a sense of style and a knowledge of tradition, and seems clearly to understand that the ruddy trumpet tone appropriate to Handel will not do for the billowing cantilena of Bellini or the exotic tintinnabulations of Delibes. The singing on these two records is both virtuosically adept and musically sympathetic. Despite London's poorly focused, sometimes muddy recording and the mediocre acompaniments provided by conductor Molinari-Pradelli, the set is well worth the attention of all opera lovers.

BUT there must always be a "but." In Joan Sutherland's case, the reservations have to do with rhythm. From the evidence at hand to date, she would seem to be notably weak in musical pulse. The defect is not apparent in music of quick tempo and inexorable beat. Thus, in "The Art of the Prima Donna" she is at her best in such things as the polonaise *"Son vergin vezzosa"* from Bellini's *Puritani* and the cabaletta from *"O beau pays"* in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, where the sheer velocity of the music picks her up and carries her along. But where she herself is called upon to sustain the musical pulse, there intrudes a certain flabbiness and sameness that can grow fairly tedious. In her New York performance of *Beatrice di Tenda* she mooned over Bellini's doleful cadences so persistently that—despite the many breath-taking attacks and ringing high notes—one began in time to echo Justice Shallow's " 'Tis a most excellent piece of work, would 'twere over." It is instructive in this regard to compare the strongly inflected trajectory that Maria Callas makes of *"Casta diva"* with Sutherland's comparatively lumpish rendition of the same Bellini aria.

The effect of this rhythmic inexactitude is to make Miss Sutherland's work seem often tentative and vague, as if she were not entirely sure just where she is going, even though she has all the equipment for getting there. The "Jewel Song" from *Faust* in her recorded recital opens with a miraculously even trill and is couched in a delightfully gentle and innocent style, but phrases are allowed time and again to trail off inconclusively, and one is left with the feeling that the aria has been only half-realized. One misses the hammerlike definition that one hears, for example, in the Ninon Vallin or Nellie Melba recordings of this showpiece, the comforting assurance that the singer knows exactly how the music ought to go (which is a great quality even if the singer happens to be wrong). Sutherland still can sound somewhat like the well-trained student who is dutifully trying to remember everything her teacher has explained.

ALL THIS is by way of saying that Joan Sutherland at the age of thirty-four is a marvelously accomplished singer but not yet a great artist. She may indeed grow into one. The opportunities are all coming her way—La Scala this spring, the Metropolitan next fall, a full schedule of complete opera recordings. It will be fascinating to see what she makes of them.

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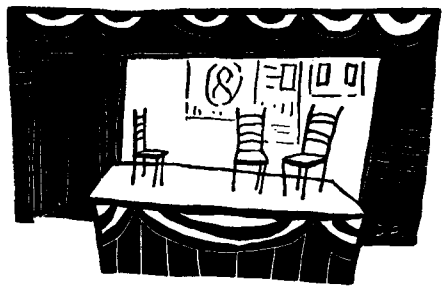

Instant Theater

NAT HENTOFF

SINCE LATE November of last year, an antic American version of *commedia dell'arte* has been thriving at the Premise, a new off-Broadway theater on Bleecker Street in one of the less prepossessing sections of Greenwich Village. A varying percentage of the troupe's material is improvised on the spot each night in response to suggestions from the audience. Nearly all the rest of the Premise's repertory has been suggested by previous audiences, and it keeps changing.

The improvisations range from a method actress taking a driving lesson in a stationary car (she dies of multiple fractures in a fiercely imagined crash) to situations listed in the day's papers. Touching on current events as they do, the Premise players are adding to the late-blooming American tradition of topical political and social satire that has long been an active part of French and German cabaret life.

After Will Rogers, the little "opposition" humor left in American show business was characterized by Bob Hope's deft but painlessly superficial one-liners. During the past few years, however, Mort Sahl, Lenny Bruce, Elaine May and Mike Nichols, Shelley Berman, Jonathan Winters, and Bob Newhart, among others, have based their careers on mortifying many of the pretensions—major and minor—of our times. What makes the Premise approach unique—along with that of its older counterpart, Second City in Chicago—is the development of a comedy of dissent within the framework of a company of improvising players. Berman, Winters, and Newhart carefully prepare polished monologues. Nichols and May, like Mort Sahl, improvise less and less. Lenny Bruce has become a lay Savonarola who does fewer and fewer "bits" and instead delivers acrid, uneasily hilarious, and sometimes shockingly accurate sermons.

The Premise group rarely shocks, but it can be painfully disrespectful, as in a sketch of an ashen but still accommodating Mayor Robert Wagner as he is told that Robert Moses has just condemned Queens. And it can be chilling, as in its projection of what the man in charge of the button that could start nuclear war might be like. Left alone with the button for an eight-hour shift, the soldier begins to shake with the compulsion to push his finger closer and closer until he starts to play an adaptation of Russian roulette, closing his eyes and stabbing at the wall. The lights dim as the soldier, suffused with power, stares at the button, jiggling in anticipation.

One night, a member of the audience asked for a re-enactment of the Khrushchev-Susskind "summit" interview, and the exchange has since become a staple of the repertory. As the Premise's Susskind unwinds a series of prolix, denunciatory "questions"—further lengthened by the interpreter's function—Khrushchev begins to flush more and more ominously. Finally, in answer to a particularly inflammable attack, Khrushchev reaches over and pulls at Susskind's face. With satisfaction, Khrushchev then speaks. The interpreter looks at Susskind. "He says, 'I have your nose.' "

THE DIRECTOR of the Premise company (and also one of its most ingenious performers) is thirty-year-old Theodore Flicker. Other regular members of the cast are Thomas Aldredge, who is able to make his face into an anthology of the woes of human history, and George Segal, a swift, sardonic extemporizer. All female parts are taken by Joan Darling. She is a lithe, disarmingly innocent-appearing girl who can alternate from a thumb-sucking Caroline Kennedy advising her father on government policy to an unbearably intense girl in analysis who starts a chess game in the Village's Wash-

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ington Square with a gentle new male acquaintance. The latter patiently explains that she cannot move as she has just done, to which she snarls, "You're *really* hung up on the rules." Her voice rises. "Compromise is the basis of a healthy relationship. This is *not* going to be like all the others, with *give, give, give* on my side and *take, take, take* on the other!"

Mr. Flicker, plump and bearded, looks somewhat like a Viennese psychiatrist in the movies of the 1930's. He joined David Shepherd, the originator of hip improvisational theater, at the Compass Players in Chicago in 1957, two years after it was started. (Alumni include Elaine May and Mike Nichols, Shelley Berman, and Paul Sills, who now heads Second City, a development of the Compass idea, in Chicago.) Flicker, a graduate of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London and of the traveling Barter Theatre, then went on to St. Louis and formed his own improvising troupe at the Crystal Palace.

With the success of his New York company (which has recorded an evening at the Premise for Vanguard), Flicker now plans to send out Premise troupes around the country.

Flicker's first road company will be headed by Zev Putterman, an experienced actor and stage manager, and it has already received offers from several hotels and night clubs. "This tradition," says Flicker, "can't stand still. It has to keep growing and changing. That's why I want Putterman and others to replace me and I want to see where other actors will take the techniques we've been developing."

FLICKER is convinced that the reason the Premise players are taking hold is "that we're returning to a concept of theater in which there is direct contact with the audience and with what *they're* interested in. After all, during much of the early history of the theater, there were audiences that hollered and talked to the players and otherwise got passionately involved in what was happening on stage. It's a matter of people getting a chance again to become part of the theater they watch. That's why our scenes and lines have to change from night to night and sometimes within the same night. Every one of us takes on something of the shape and color of the particular audience."

In recruiting his actors, Flicker requires players who know how to listen to each other. 'The key is not just to say something funny. The actor must be more interested in creating and sustaining a situation. In improvisatory theater, for example, something in the tone of voice of another player may change the whole reaction of the person you're developing. A scared actor or a selfish one doesn't fit in. You have to be prepared to jettison everything you're building in a scene if someone else on stage changes direction, even if it means risking your neck to go all the way with the new thing."

Originally, Flicker hadn't intended to include much political comedy in his New York repertory, but the first time he asked an audience for ideas from the newspapers it worked so well that he has kept politics in ever since. "I think the reason for the sharp growth of political satire in the past few years," Flicker says, "is somewhat akin to Henry Miller's explanation of the rise of the *Fauves* in painting. Historical forces aside, it was so gray in Paris in the winter that there was *need* for these strong, hot colors. Similarly, we may have had to have the great depressant blanket of mediocrity in the Eisenhower years to set off this new wave of political humor. Everything became so homogenized, there *had* to be a reaction."

A lady in a recent audience suggested as the basis for a scene a New York *Times* story that members of the White House household staff had been required to sign written pledges not to commercialize their White House experiences by writing about them, even after leaving the Kennedys' service. A Premise player portraying the President began collecting the pledges. A slim young woman balked.

"Do I *have* to sign?" she asked in annoyance.

"Jackie, when I say everybody has to sign, I mean *everybody*."

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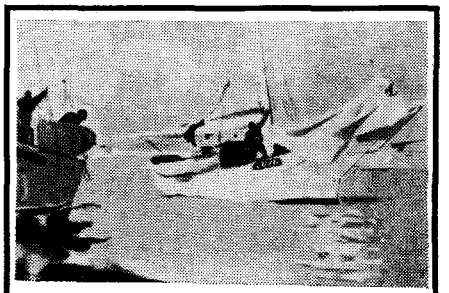

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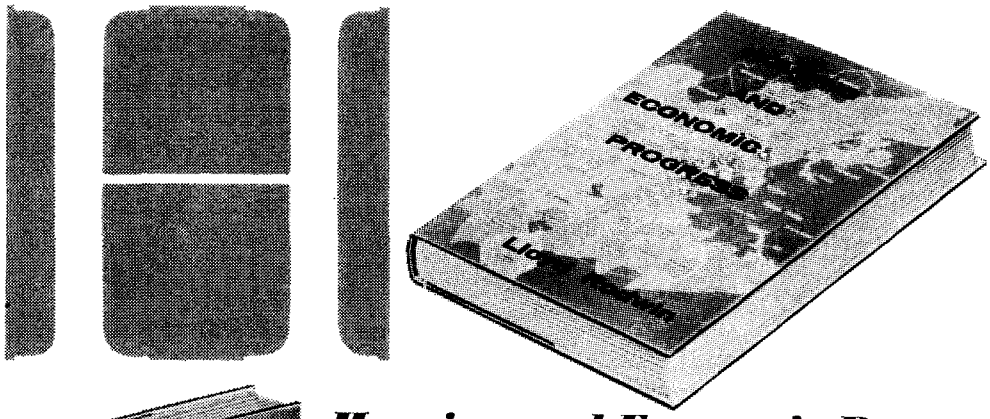

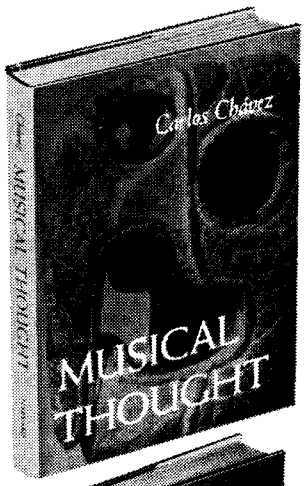

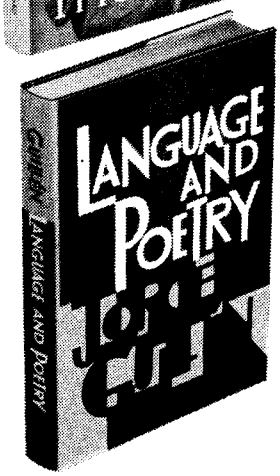

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BOOKS

Tynan's Stages

ALFRED KAZIN

CURTAINS, by Kenneth Tynan. *Atheneum. $7.95.*

No one who reviews all the specimens of an art regularly, by the day or the week, by the performance or the exhibition, can ever be better than, can really be *different* from, the stuff he works in. Just as it is impossible to tell which new book Orville Prescott is reviewing in the *Times* any longer, since they all sound as if he had written them himself, so all regular reviewers of drama, if they sit it out year after year, become performers as showy and adroit as any of the other theater fans who pump comic lines into sagging plays or revise lyrics in New Haven. Only an insatiable appetite for an art would ever get a man to absorb so much of it. To be that much of a critic, one must be essentially uncritical. What sustains the reviewer is his own performance. If he is good enough, he graduates into being a performer pure and simple, like Bernard Shaw. If he is not, he remains a glutton, consuming books or plays or pictures.

Kenneth Tynan, who after the death of Wolcott Gibbs succeeded (briefly) to the *New Yorker* job and is now back on the *Observer* in London, has never pretended to be anything less than passionate about the theater—and my guess is that he will never be anything more. When he likes something, he gets up from writing the review "on his knees," and there is almost nothing in the product, English, American, Russian, French, that he does not feel himself up to. Wolcott Gibbs, I recall, was always saying, on those pompous and funereal occasions when Shakespeare is dusted off for Broadway, that cripes, he hadn't looked at *King Lear* since high school and didn't know a decent chap at the Algonquin who had either. But when Tynan, who began reviewing plays in his teens and who loves to read drama criticism as much as he does to write it, reports on Sir Ralph Richardson as Macbeth, you are certain that he has seen all the Macbeths since 1927 (when Tynan was born), has read up on all the performances before that date, has spotted all the divergences, omissions, and misquotations in the text, and has studied the mind and vocal range of Sir Ralph to the point where he can relish all the fine points and spew forth all the bad ones.

"WHAT, when drunk, one sees in other women, one sees in Garbo sober." Tynan sees the Garbo glow in the theater everywhere. The rave is equally for W. C. Fields and Ruth Draper, Jimmy Cagney and Tennessee Williams, what Stanislavsky said and what Brecht said, Maria Casares as Death in Cocteau's *Orphée*—"I have never seen the imminence of suicide more powerfully conveyed"—and *West Side Story*, which "compromises only on the brink of greatness; and that, surely, is triumph enough."

It isn't that Tynan likes everything, but that he is able so strongly to absorb and to respond to everything theatrical. He knows, from love, why French playwrights reserve their greatest parts for women and why the English have no "heavies." He knows to a decimal point what percentage of the box office goes for theater rent in London and Paris. And just as he is the only writer I have ever heard of who got to interview Garbo, so he is the only drama reviewer who has described himself as present at the frenzied rewriting of a play after a tryout. When he describes Michael Redgrave in *Richard II* as excellent but "still missing the real heights by an inexplicable inch," you recognize the sense of loss; and though he loves to make fun of Sir Ralph Richardson's personal manner, you can see that no one knows it better—"His feathery, yeasty voice, with its single spring-heeled inflection, starved the part of its richness; he moved dully,

F

Among other things, F is a medieval Roman numeral for 40; in *genetics*, it is the symbol for filial generation; in *chemistry*, for fluorine; in *mathematics*, for function; in *physics*, for farad. In *education*, it is a grade meaning failure.

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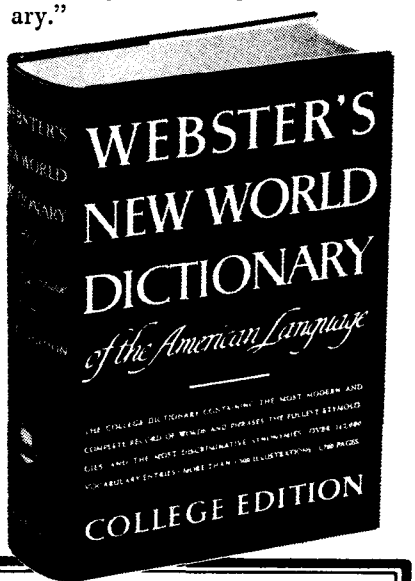

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as if by numbers, and such charm as he possessed was merely a sort of unfocused bluffness, like a teddy-bear snapped in a bad light by a child holding its first camera."

Although Tynan is often glib in enthusiasm, he is never flip in condemnation; a virtuoso performer in journalism, a pro from the minute the curtain goes up, he never makes fun of anyone without establishing a valid point by it. His wisecracks are astonishingly accurate. He says of Orson Welles's production of *Moby Dick* that "It is absurd to expect Orson Welles to attempt anything less than the impossible," which is so true that you can't imagine another way of saying it; and when he reports of *King Lear* at the Old Vic that "A whole gamut of inaudibility is painstakingly run . . . listening to Stephen Murray's Lear was like lipreading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning," you can see that he may have lived the play better than the actors did.

So brilliant a critic is easy to read and fun to read, for Tynan throws himself wholeheartedly into the writing of a piece of critical prose. As he loves the theater, so he loves writing about it; and even though this is a very big collection of reviews, you can read him straight through with delight. He takes you on a tour of the contemporary theatrical world, and his reactions are so strong and intelligent that it is impossible not to enjoy the writing and to be grateful for the tour.

And yet, Tynan is exactly like the contemporary theater—as horridly professional, as glibly insurgent; everything is turned back into the usual sophisticated liberalism, the fatally self-conscious gesture. It is exactly to the extent that he mirrors the contemporary theater—in America he loves *West Side Story* and *Gypsy*, in France he adores Edwige Feuillière, in Russia he makes the perfect guest, and from East Germany he approvingly quotes back every piece of pseudo-Marxist *Kitsch*—that he displays the unlimited appetite of the reviewer rather than the free insight of the critic. Tynan can spot the pompousness in T. S. Eliot's verse plays and the hollowness in Christopher Fry's, but I am sure that he would rather die than confess himself to be baffled or bored or disoriented by a line of Bertolt Brecht's. Maybe he is equal to both *West Side Story* and Brecht, as Broadway itself always claims to be; but judging by the secondhand wisdom that Tynan circulates on Brecht, I doubt it. It took *Suddenly, Last Summer* and *Sweet Bird of Youth* to make him reproachful of Tennessee Williams, and though *Camino Real* irritates him, he would like to take it seriously. Somehow he is unconvinced that there may not be a "big idea" in it; for Tynan, like many young writers who feel that they have been starved of big movements and "big" ideas, is sentimental only about abstractions.

THE MOST COMBATIVE point Tynan makes in this book is that he is a radical and a humanist, allied to the "angries" in Britain. This I value less than the fact that he is Irish (from Birmingham), for what the Irish react to instinctively in English institutionalized repression and gentility always makes them astringent and gay. But "humanist" and "angry"? These are labels, not a point of view. A point of view, especially for a critic, is like no one else's, and I do not find it reassuring for Tynan to parody Faulkner's *Requiem for a Nun* so viciously that one might suppose that Faulkner was a lyncher, while losing himself not merely over Lorraine Hansberry's *Raisin in the Sun* but over the pro-Negro audience rejoicing in so rare a chance for a Negro playwright. And it puzzles me that in a book that is so roomy Tynan had no space for his shrewd appraisal of Lillian Hellman's overrated *Toys in the Attic.*

Like many young intellectuals in Britain, Tynan is much exasperated by America as the symbol of a dying social order, and I am sure that the outrageous way in which, before returning to England, he was summoned up before Senator Dodd's inquisitorial committee and rudely searched for his opinions did not further endear the United States to him. But too many of Tynan's running comments on this country reveal that last resort of snobbery—the British determination to like only our "low" culture. There is something too much of the tourist in Tynan's mental make-up. I once read a marvelously giddy piece by him

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on New York and was astonished that there was not a thing in it that a native would recognize. He quotes a Russian theater director as saying that "In our society there may be occasional collisions, but there are no defeats." Tynan adds: "That is the attitude, and the theater reflects it." How does he know? He can't know that much from a quick tour and the constant intervention of interpreters. But on the basis of a slogan, Tynan goes on to suggest that "The pressures which produce lyric artists, passionately affirming their own selfhood, are inexorably being removed. Collective art is taking their place, for how can one *épater les bourgeois* when there are no *bourgeois* to *épater?*" The ignorance of Soviet society that is displayed in this passage is really shocking.

Tynan looks at the social facts in England and America with pitiless eyes, like a man who cannot be deceived. But he would *like* to believe that the slogans retailed to him in East Berlin or Moscow are true. He too is looking for a placard to march under, and one can't blame him. Life in the bourgeois democracies is dull, dull, dull, and older people seem to have had all the fun of trying to change it.

A Part Of the Truth

MARTIN GREENBERG

THE LOTUS AND THE ROBOT, by Arthur Koestler. *Macmillan. $3.95.*

Some writers change the times they live in. Others incorporate the spirit of their age and sum it up; they make it more intensely what it is. Voltaire, for example, did not possess a really original mind, but he was the great rasping voice of the Enlightenment. Jean-Paul Sartre, at a lower level of accomplishment, is another such mouthpiece—indeed a kind of twentieth-century Voltaire, with everything turned problematic. And Arthur Koestler, at still a lower level, is another. Koestler has

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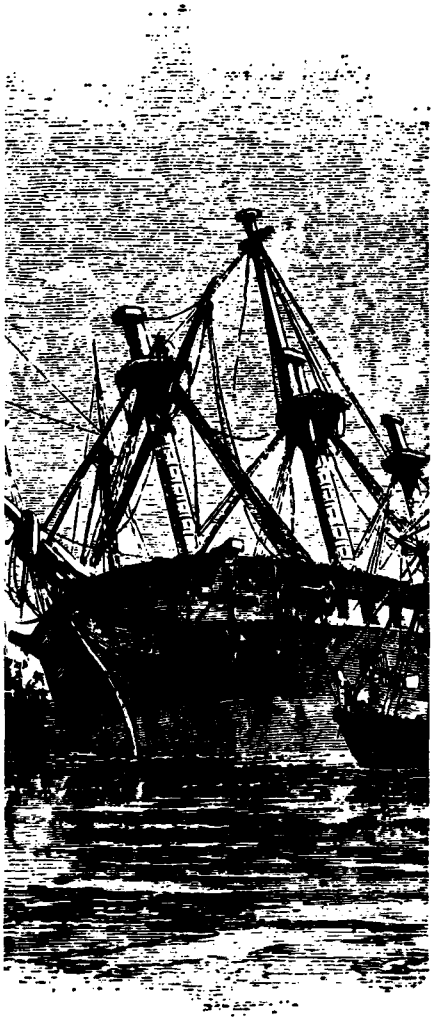

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been all over the map of contemporary history, from the North Pole (in a Zeppelin) to Berlin, Moscow, Vienna, London, Paris, and Tel Aviv, and he has given the times back to us in books that lie somewhere between literature and journalism. One remembers them with pleasure for their lucid, lively, forthright prose and unsolemn seriousness, but they are touched with the inescapable vulgarity of the science popularizer that Koestler started as (in Berlin, for the Ullstein papers) and has never ceased being.

NOW HE WRITES about the Orient, which he visited, he says, "not so much with an open, as with an equally split, mind," to see whether eastern spirituality and contemplativeness, even if altogether different from western science, did not have its own truth that might help teach the West a way out of its present "deadly predicament." After two years of traveling in India and Japan, the most traditional and the most modern countries of Asia, Koestler concludes, wryly, that if there are any lessons in spirituality to be learned, it is rather the Orient that needs to learn them from us.

What Koestler felt for India and Japan was clearly a kind of fascinated disgust which he doesn't hesitate to express, and which he works out into a sort of historico-anthropological position. What disgusted him was the poverty, superstition, spiritual pretensions, and cultural insanity. (" 'I believe in God, but I do not believe in His existence,' a Japanese theologian declared at a Round Table Conference on 'Religion and Modern Life.' ")

What fascinated him, I suppose, was his realization of how intensely different the two lands' specific cultures are from that of the West in general. The book's great virtue is to catch and convey this vivid sense by a mixture of lively first-hand detail and ever-ready, rather breezy generalizations. In both countries he found a traditional way of life badly unsettled by industrialization and urbanization, and yet maintaining the ancient psyche more or less unchanged, if in a rather nervous state. In both countries he found a religious decline that had been going on for fifteen hundred years, and a hardening and stultification, rather than a flowering, of the spirit. The spiritual and mystical claims of Indian Yoga, which he investigated thoroughly, turned out to be completely unproved; and he has no patience at all for Japanese Zen Buddhism, and only contempt for its western devotees—when it is not simply a hodgepodge of absurdities, he finds it a kind of existentialist game, scholastic rather than liberating, as it once had been many centuries ago. The only spiritual movement that wins Koestler's admiration is Vinoba Bhave's Bhoodan crusade to give land to the landless. But this and "Gandhi's crusade for the Untouchables . . . are modern developments under Western influence—Gandhi himself acknowledged that he was inspired by Christianity, Tolstoy, Ruskin and Thoreau."

The author returned from the East disburdened of his westerner's guilt, with a new pride in what he calls the continuity-through-change and unity-in-diversity of European civilization. ". . . as a Hungarian-born, French-loving English writer with some experience of prisons and concentration camps, one cannot help being aware of Europe's past sins and present deadly peril. And yet a detached comparison with other continents of the way Europe stood up to its past trials, and of its contribution to man's history, leaves one with a new confidence and affection for that small figure riding on the back of the Asian bull."

THIS IS MOVING, and even noble. And yet the book is a little spoiled for me by its touches of vulgarity, by the glib antitheses and slick metaphorical characterizations of culture and history, in the style of the popularizer: "Western man, on the other hand, either gazes at himself in the looking-glass in the attitude of Narcissus—or the shaving mirror turns into a picture of Dorian Gray. When we see ourselves reflected in the most westernized nation in Asia . . . the mirror reveals the image of a robot with built-in duodenal ulcers."

The Lotus and the Robot, starting

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with the by now tediously familiar balanced opposites of the title itself, is a riot of such phrases and statements. I am inclined to mistrust them. I know Koestler is wrong when he ticks America off so neatly as a case of "change without a deep awareness of continuity with the past"; that is only a quarter of the truth; the whole truth cannot be grasped in such a simple ding-dong dialectic. And so I must suspect that he has done the East, too, less than justice. « »

A Tourist Who Stayed

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

OUTLAWS, by Danilo Dolci. Translated from the Italian by R. Monroe. *Orion*. $4.95.

Single-minded and persistent, the tourist on safari in Africa pursues lions, elephants, or giraffes; the natives are not his problem. The tourist in Sicily might seem to have broader interests—in the evidence of the country's Greek, Arab, Norman, Garibaldian past; in the Ferraris racing for the Targa Florio; in the Monreale mosaics; in the baroque portals of an abandoned country house (the Prince of Lampedusa's?). But although the pleasures are more varied, the tourist's pursuit of them, in Sicily as in Africa, remains single-minded and persistent. To many tourists' eyes, the natives, when still young, are prettier to look at than most Africans; they are ingratiating, when still young, as they approach to beg; when they are old, they look old indeed, and tired, but it is not the tourist's problem to inquire why the transition from youth to old age occurs so suddenly.

There is, however, always the possibility that the traveler may lose the tour somewhere between the cathedral and the picture gallery, between the morning set aside for a swim in the sea and the folk dance in the hotel courtyard. That is what happened to Danilo Dolci, who came to Sicily in 1952 from Trieste to look at architecture and stayed on to help the poor. The poor are the *Outlaws* of this book. In order to defend them and speak for them, Dolci had first to listen to them. And because they would not speak to him until they could trust him, he went to live with them in a fishermen's village. When he had heard what they had to tell him, he put it into a book, *Report from Palermo*. It was not a literary book, not even a "written" book; it was a book dictated by unhappy people who had lost hope, and all the author added were statistics and some explanations. The book did not give hope to the hopeless whose lives it told about—nor could it shock them. Those who were shocked by the book and those to whom it gave hope were people who lived outside the vicious circle of Sicilian misery. They were shocked to be reminded once again that poverty creates ignorance, despair, and violence in those who endure it too long, and they were rendered hopeful because of their belief that administrative indifference and police repression would necessarily be repudiated by the Italian nation once the facts were exposed.

Governments, however, are not particularly subject to sudden illuminations, and even when they move, their step is heavy; it remains always for one individual to be present at the side of another individual who needs his aid. That is why Dolci stays on in Sicily, listening to the cry of the poor for justice, counseling nonviolence.

The notes set down in *Outlaws* are like those in *Report from Palermo*. Most are factual: "The baby boy with the red sore and the wide-open mouth is dead. . . . Three trawlers are still fishing illegally [thus depriving local fishermen of their livelihood]. . . . It appears that the Port Captain's office is sick of our complaints." But from time to time the author's attitude slips out: "How mistaken can enthusiasm be when it is presumptuous and recondite! One ends up in the absurd position of believing there is one solution to a problem, and only one. From that moment onwards one can work twenty hours out of twenty-four, but the results will always be distorted."

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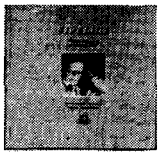

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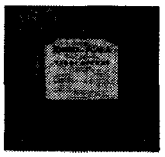

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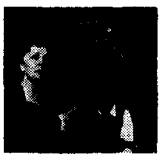

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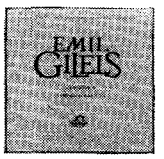

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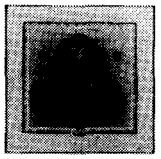

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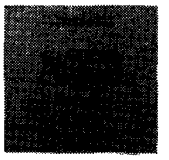

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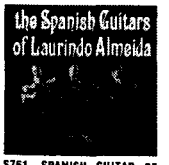

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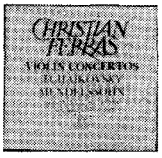

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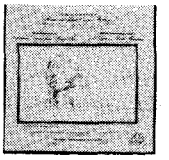

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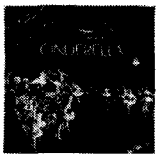

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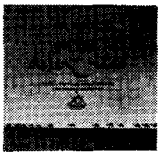

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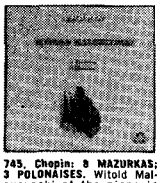

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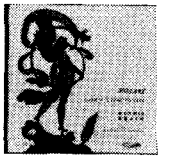

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